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CAROLS FOR USE IN CHURCH

During Christmas and Epiphany.

By

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CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

In the 11th and 12th centuries, the South of Europe was deeply infected with Manicheism. The Paulicians, expelled Asia Minor by the Empress Theodora, in A.D. 842, settled in Bulgaria, among the valleys of the Hæmus. Bulgaria became permeated by them. Bulgarian Christianity disappeared under them, never again to acquire active life. The swarm of heretics increased in the absence of persecution, and, through conversion of the semi-Christianised natives, Bulgaria could not contain them or their doctrine. A stream forced a way round the head of the Adriatic, and spread over Northern Italy and Southern France. In the 11th century scarce a city in Italy was free from a colony of Manicheans; the country-people were deeply infected with their doctrine. At the accession of Innocent III., Manicheism was almost undisputed master of Southern France. In Italy it was called Paterinism; in Provence, Albigensianism. In the meantime another stream had entered Germany, and troubled the empire.* The Beghards (a corruption of Bulgarian), carried their doctrine through Northern Europe, and laid the seeds of the revolt of the Hussites under Zisca with the Flail.

Western Manicheism, whether that of the Patarines, Albigenses, or Beghards;† held that matter was evil; the world, the flesh, were the work of the Demiurge, the maker of this world, and God of the Jews and of the Old Testament, and therefore with no good in them; whereas the Gospel was...

* Their Greek origin is distinctly asserted: "Illi vero qui combusti sunt (those at Cologne) dixerunt nobis in defensione suæ, hanc hæresin usque ad hæc tempora occultatam fuisse a temporibus martyrum in Græcia." Muratori Antiq., Ital. v. 83.

† "All these he distinguished by the common name of Bulgares, whether they were Paternians, Iovinians, or Albigenses." Matt., Paris, sub. ann. 1238.
the revelation of the Good God, who was the author of spirit. The fall of man was the entrance of soul into relation with body; the emancipation of the soul from its carnal chain was salvation. In such a religion the Incarnation had no real place; and we find, accordingly, that the Flesh-taking of the Word was formally denied by all the sects of Manicheism throughout Europe. Christianity in Southern France had disappeared before Manicheism. It was professed only by the clergy and a few followers; nobles and common people were united in their profession of the Duality of Matter and Spirit, in the opposition of the God of the Creation to the God of the Gospel. Italy was threatened with the same apostacy. The sword of the Crusaders, under Simon de Montfort, swept it out of Provence. A more peaceful band of Crusaders marched against the heretics in Italy, and overcame them. This band was called forth by the great Francis of Assisi. His great community ramifying through every class, by means of the Third Order, caught all earnest religious souls, and bound them by enthusiasm to his Rule. The tide which had set in this direction of Paterinism turned and flowed into the Franciscan Order, which met the peculiar wants and prejudices of those whom Manicheism had previously enticed, in a very remarkable manner.*

S. Francis could not fail to be struck with the necessity of bringing home to the hearts and imagination of the vulgar the great doctrine of the Incarnation. This was the foundation-stone of Christianity. It was because they stood loosely upon it, that the people had fallen such a ready prey to Manicheism. The Incarnation had been set forth by theologians, for the commonly-taught orthodox, in the sublime song of the "Quicunque vult;" it must be brought down to the level of the lowest, if they were to grasp it with unshaken enthusiasm. He had brooded over this difficulty for some time. At last he saw his way out of it. In the winter of 1223, S. Francis was at Rome, seeking the confirmation of his Rule. On the 29th of November, the Order was sanc tioned in full form, by Honorius III., by

* The Franciscan Order suffered in the long run from the influx of half-converted Manichees, who formed in its ranks a great schism, constituting the body of the Fraticelli—heretics who had to be put down by very summary means.
CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

Papal Bull, and letters commendatory to all the bishops of Christendom. Then, when Francis had received the confirmation of his life's work, he fell at the feet of the Pope, and made one more request, and that of a different character. He asked to be allowed to introduce into churches, which he was permitted to use, certain ceremonies at Christmas, which had suggested themselves to him as likely to seize upon the popular imagination, and impress the unlearned folk in a way which sermons and catechisms were unable to effect. This also was granted him.

When he made this petition, he was bound for the village of Grecia, a little place not far from Assisi, where he was to spend Christmas.

What follows shall be told in the words of his latest English biographer: *

"In this village, when the eve of the Nativity approached, Francis instructed a certain grave and worthy man, called Giovanni, to prepare an ox and an ass, along with a manger and all the common fittings of a stable, for his use, in the church. When the solemn night arrived, Francis and his brethren arranged all these things into a visible representation of the occurrences of the night at Bethlehem. The manger was filled with hay, the animals were led into their places; the scene was prepared as we see it now through the churches of Southern Italy—a reproduction, so far as the people knew how, in startling realistic detail, of the surroundings of the first Christmas. And it may be interesting to the modern traveller to know, when he looks on at the quaint Christmas celebration of the Ara Coeli at Rome, or is led with fond pride by some poor Italian through a succession of narrow lanes to see the Præsepio (or cradle) in the parish church or convent chapel, that the scene on which he looks is an appeal to the popular imagination first originated by Francis in the church of his Umbrian village six hundred years ago.

"The original occurrence is full of that honest and literal simplicity which pervades every scene in which we find the humble apostle. The population of the neighbourhood rose as one man to the characteristic call. They gathered round the village church with tapers and torches, making luminous the December night. The brethren within the church, and the crowds of the faithful who came and went with their lights, in and out of the darkness, poured out their hearts in praises to God; and the friars sang new canticles, which were listened to with all the eagerness of a people accustomed to wandering jouleurs and minstrels, and to whom such songs were all the food to be had for the intellect and imagination. No doubt the mystic songs of Francis were among those sacred ballads; and that in the crowd there were many who could take up the chorus of the glowing hymn, 'In fuoco amor mi mise' ('Love sets my heart on fire'), or could answer in those oft-repeated refrains, 'Amor, amor, Jesu,' in the words which the Brothers Minor were used to sing about the rural ways. In the midst of

this glowing and agitated scene, Francis himself stood rapt by the side of the manger, in which his faith could picture to itself the first cradle of his Lord. . . . We are told that Francis stood by this, his simple theatrical (for such, indeed, it was—no shame to him) representation all the night long, sighing for joy, and filled with unspeakable sweetness. His friend, Giovanni, looking on, had a vision while he stood apart, gazing and wondering at the saint. Giovanni saw, or dreamed, that a beautiful infant—a child dead or in a trance—lay in the manger which he had himself prepared; and that, as Francis bent over the humble bed, the babe slowly awoke, and stretched out its arms towards him. It was the child Christ, dead in the hearts of a careless people, dead or lost in the slumber of a wicked world, but waking up to new life, and kindling the whole slumberous universe around him, at the touch and breath of that supreme love which was in His servant’s heart.”

S. Francis was remarkable, not only for originating these cribs of Bethany, now seen in every Roman Catholic church throughout the world, and in many a Lutheran Christmas home, but also in being the first to feel the power of his vernacular tongue, and to use it for sacred song. The first rude effort to use Italian for popular hymns and carols was made by S. Francis. His “Song of the Creatures” was the beginning of a national poetry which, sixty years later, reached a climax in the Divine Comedy of Dante. S. Francis set the example—introduced a new power. It was felt at once. There is something as touching in the story of his first introduction to the people of divine psalmody in their own tongue, as there is in the narrative of his institution of the præsepio. In an ecstasy he had composed an Italian hymn of praise to God, a sort of Benedicite, in which he calls on all creatures to glorify their Creator. And when he thought it was finished, he heard that a quarrel had broken out in Assisi between the bishop and the magistrates about some petty matter, and the bishop had laid an interdict on the town, and the magistrates, in turn, had outlawed the bishop. S. Francis was deeply affected by this miserable unchristian strife; and finding that it dragged on unhealed, his heart glowed within him, and he added a verse to his hymn:

“And praised is my Lord
By those who, for Thy love, pardon afford,
And meekly bear the wrongs of men.
Blessed are those who suffer thus in peace,
By Thee, the Highest, to be crowned in heaven.”
Then "he commanded his disciples to go boldly and seek the great people of the town, and beg them to meet at the bishop's palace." The name of Francis was so potent that it was instantly obeyed. The angry magistrates met in the hall of the indignant bishop in sullen silence, and the few humble Franciscan friars stood between them. Instead of delivering a harangue, a homily from S. Francis, they lifted up their voices, and sang his "Carol of the Creatures." At the sound of the words, in their own Italian tongue, the hearts of bishop and magistrates grew soft; and when the last verse was sung, they rushed into each other's arms, and asked pardon mutually.

Such was the origin of vernacular Italian religious hymns. The companions and disciples of S. Francis continued his work, and their labours have found a modern eloquent historian in M. Ozanam.*

The præsepio, crèche, or kripp, called forth the first carols. There may have been stray Christmas hymns in the vernacular before, but it was not till the Christmas crib was set up in Minorite chapels, and from thence spread to all Christian churches, that they burst forth throughout the length and breadth of Western Christendom. The representation called for the carol, and the carol, becoming familiar, was sung where there was no crib.†

The Franciscan Manger of the Holy Night assumed another form in the Christmas mysteries, theatrical performances representing the Nativity. These were sometimes performed in churches, but probably not often. At Bayeux, in 1351, Jean de Montdesert, curé of S. Malo, in Bayeux, was fined by the Chapter for having had the "Mystery of the Birth of Christ" performed in his church on Christmas Day, 1350. These mysteries contained carols—popular carols—introduced into them to enliven the acting. In the "Mystère de l'Incarnation et Nativité de Notre-Seigneur Jesus Christ,"‡ probably of the year 1474, published by the Brothers Parfait,§ God the

* "Les Poètes Franciscains."
† In Yorkshire (West Riding) the children still carry about Christmas boxes, lined with coloured paper, in which are figures of the B. Virgin and Child; they sing carols with them, and call them "Milly boxes" (My Lady's box), but have lost all idea of their significance.
‡ Larue: "Essais historiques sur les bardes et jongleurs." Caen, 1834. I., p. 166.
Father orders Gabriel to go to Mary, and announce to her that she is to become the mother of Messiah. Then follows the rubric:—“Adonc chantent le premier vers de la chanson qui suit; et puis les jouers d’instrumens derriere les Anges repetent iceluy vers, et tandis les Anges qui tiennent les instrumens font maniere de jouer. Après les Anges chantent le second vers, et puis les instrumens repetent trois lignes; après les Anges chantent le tiers vers, et puis les instrumens tout le premier et puis la fin.” This is the carol:

"Au nouveau sceu de la Conception
Du Fils de Dieu, pour la Rédemption;
Qui veut faire d’humaine Créatu--re;
Qui estoit chée en pé--chée et ordu--re:
Chacun au ciel maine exultation.
    Faisons grand bruit, chansons multiplions,
    Toutes nos voix ensemble despleons
    Nul ne se faigne, et chacun y ait cure.

**Tenor.**

**Au nouveau sceu.**

**Contra-tenor.**

**Au nouveau sceu.**

**Concordans.**

"Des instrumens prenons ung million,
En encors plus, bref tout y employon,
Car aujourd’hui a uni sa facture
Avecques soy le hault Dieu de Nature,
Et à tousjours, sans séparation.
    Au nouveau sceu."

When Christ is born the angels again burst out into a carol, with instruments:

"Au saint naistre du sacré Roy des roys,
Qui de présent est en terre accompli:
Soyons joyeulx, et soit ce lieu rempli
De mélodie, à haulte et clere voix."

And then follows a round, with the refrain, “Loé soit Dieu.”

Another mystery of the Nativity, published at Lyons, in 1539, states in its title that it contains carols as well—“Chant Natal contenant sept Noélz, ung Chant Pastoral, et ung Chant Royal, avec ung Mystère de la Nativité, par Personnaiges, composez en imitation verbale, et Musicale de divers Chansons, recueillé sur l’Escripture Saincte, et d’jcelle illustrez.” Whilst Joseph and
Mary are on their way to Bethlehem, they sing a carol, "sur le chant, Le plus souvent tant il m’ennuye."

The annunciation to the shepherds is to the strain of an old Noël—

"Pasteurs, qui veillez aux champs, (bis)
Oyez mes dictz, et mes chants, (bis)
Je vous annonce la nouvelle
Joyeux pour vous:
Dieu est né———
Pour racheter tous.
Allez et l'adorez à genoux."

They go to the stables singing a carol, the refrain of which is "Gloria in excelsis Deo;" and, on reaching it, form round the crib, and sing another on the tune of "Sauvez m’y donc quand vous irez."

"Chantons Noël, quand nous irons
Garder nos brebiettes sur l’herbe,
Sur l'herbe."

Then David announces on his harp the coming of the Magi, and they arrive and present their gift, each singing an eight-line verse, ending with—

"Où est-il né, afin que je l'adore?"—

which was the refrain taken up in chorus.

This is a remarkable specimen of a mystery composed out of carols. It contains about 300 lines, and is wholly composed of songs and noels.

Another curious "Comédie de la Nativité de Jésus Christ" was composed by Marguerite de Valois, Queen of Navarre,* and it also contains popular carols. Mary and Joseph go to Bethlehem, and search in vain for shelter of three hosts, who refuse them what they ask on different pretexts. One only takes in rich folk, the second only royalty, the third only those who will fiddle and dance. Then Joseph and Mary retire to a stable, and there the Saviour of the world is born. The angels declare His birth to shepherds

* "Marguerites de la Marguerite des princesses, très-illustre reine de Navarre." Lyons, 1547.
and shepherdesses, who come singing the following carol, with chorus, to the stable:

**Sophron & Philetina.**

Dansons, chantons, faisons rage,
Puis qu'avons grace pour pardon.

**Chorus.**

Chantons Noël de bon courage,
Car nous avons Christ en pardon.

**Elpison & Christella.**

Saissons Adam, et son lineage,
Plus avec luy ne demeurons:
Quitons tous nostre vieil bagage,
Chevres, Brebis, Chiens, et Moutons;

**Chorus.**

Chantons Noël, &c.

**Nephalus & Dorothea.**

Allons voir Marie la Sage,
Avec l'enfant de grant renom:
Dont les Anges en doux langage,
Nous on fait un si beau sermon.

**Chorus.**

Chantons Noël, &c.

And so it runs on, sometimes a solo by Dorothea, Christella, Philetina, Sophron, &c., sometimes a duet between shepherd and shepherdess, and the chorus breaking in at intervals.

This singular piece begins, as will be seen, with an invitation to dance as well as sing; and there can be little doubt that some of the carols were sung to a measure accompanied by rhythmic motions of the body, a sort of solemn, sacred dance. S. Ouen, in his life of S. Eligius, couples carols with songs and dances,* but these accompanied "diabolical songs;" the sacred carol was not then known. The name carol is possibly indebted to the same derivative as quadrille and carillon, a song, or dance, or chime, performed by four persons or bells arranged in a square.

The trace of the dance accompanying the carol lingers on to this day. Originally the dance was performed along with profane songs in churches. Religious dances were in vogue among the Romans. They were largely practised also among the Keltic Druids, in honour of Ceridwen. When

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* "Nullus in festivitate S. Joannis . . . solstitia, aut vallationes, vel saltationes aut Caraulas aut cantica diabolica exerceat." Vit S. Elig., lib. ii. c. 15.
Christianity became the religion of the nations which had practised these religious dances, the Church found great difficulty in suppressing them. Two courses were open to her—either to put them down wholly, or to wash them in pure water, sanctify, and adopt them as drama both to teach and interest the multitude.

In some places she found it necessary to set her face determinedly against them, whilst in other places she tolerated and even sanctioned them.

In 589, the Third Council of Toledo (can. 22) forbade the people dancing through the vigils of saints' days. In 590, the Council of Auxerre forbade secular dances in churches (can. 9).* In 858, Gautier, Bishop of Orleans, condemned the rustic songs and female dancers who performed in the Presbytery on Festivals of the Church.

As early as the 9th century, Pope Eugenius II. prohibited dancing and singing base songs in church. Even in 533, the Council of Orleans had forbidden the fulfilment of vows made to sing and dance in churches, "for that such vows anger God, rather than appease Him."

In 1209, the Council of Avignon prohibited theatrical dances and secular songs in churches. In 1212, processions danced round the churches of Paris, and women danced in the cemeteries. In the 17th century, the apprentices and servants of York were accustomed to dance in the nave of the Minster on Shrove Tuesday; and Dean Lake was almost killed by the apprentices for endeavouring to prevent their intrusion into the sacred building for this purpose. There was a curious tenure in Wiltshire, by which the inhabitants of Wishford and Batford went up in a dance annually to Salisbury Cathedral. On Tuesday in Whitsuntide, till the French Revolutionary soldiers destroyed the Cathedral of S. Lambert, at Liège, on that day a deputation of the inhabitants of Verviers danced under the corona in the nave, headed by a cross. The deputation consisted of certain magistrates and clergy of Verviers. To this day, a dancing procession, chanting a curious carol, takes place at Echternach, in Luxemburg, on Tuesday in Whitsun week. It is called the Procession of the Jumping Saints—"Springende Heiligen." It consists of a

* "Non licet in Ecclesia choros secularium . . . exercere."
long train of pilgrims, dancing three paces forward and then backward. The pilgrims are headed by the clergy, all dancing. They dance from the bridge over Sauer to the church, round the altar, and separate at the cross in the cemetery. It is to this day a very popular pilgrimage. In 1869, there were 8000 persons in the procession.*

Religious dances are also by no means infrequent in Spain. The following is an account of a Shrove Tuesday performance in the Cathedral at Seville, where it is gone through on that day, on the feast of Corpus Christi, or on that of the Immaculate Conception. The account is from the Daily Telegraph of February 22, 1875, and is part of a letter from the special correspondent.

"It was my fortune on Tuesday afternoon to behold the performance of an escuela de baile of a thoroughly exceptional and of a most surprising nature. I never in my life saw such a sight before; nor, I suppose, am I likely ever to see it again. It was in the Cathedral. The watchful Barlow had warned me that something very curious indeed to view would take place in the great Basilica either a little before or a little after six; and that I was bound even to forego the table d'hôte in order to witness it. The sun was setting in the national Spanish colours, bright orange and deep red, as we passed through the noble Moorish gateway—it dates from the twelfth century—called the Puerta del Perdon, and crossing the Patio de las Naranjas, a forecourt full of orange trees hundreds of years old, entered the Cathedral by the portal closest to the Giralda. When from day or even twilight you lift the leathern veil of the doorway and pass into this tremendous fane, you can at first perceive nothing whatsoever. The best thing you can do is to shut your eyes, and allow yourself to be guided onwards for a time. Then lift your eyelids cautiously, and turn your head to either side, and you will begin gradually to discern the enormous columns and the vasty bays around you. By degrees I found that the trascoro and the central nave were full of people, nearly all ladies, who were not kneeling, but sitting on the pavement in Oriental fashion, as is customary in Spanish churches when something extraneous to the ordinary ecclesiastical ritual is being performed. Carefully picking my way through the recumbent groups, I came at last within view of the sanctuary and the high altar, which were all ablaze with lights. But there were no celebrants on the altar steps, no acolytes, and not so much as a single minor canon in the stalls, which I thought strange. The función was evidently not vespers. What was it? Round the great lectern of the coro, with its huge illuminated music book, every minim and crotchet as tall as drumsticks, were gathered a dozen of the youngest choristers singing away like so many dying swans. But it was no

* See a full account of it in Krier: "Die Springprocesison in Echternach, Luxemb., 1871." For further information on Religious Dances, see an article, by the author of this Introduction, in "The Sacristy," I, p. 63, seq.
ordinary chant these children, with their deliciously sweet and clear and silvery voices, sang. It was something quicker, livelier, more jubilant, and, as it seemed to me, more secular than anything I had heard before in a Catholic place of worship, and the singing was accompanied by music quite as glesome from a band of wind and string instruments. The chant culminated in a ringing exulting pean of joy; and then, to my utter amazement and bewilderment, the twelve young choristers began to dance round the lectern and before the high altar—absolutely, literally, and operatically to dance. It was the escuela de baile without girl performers, and under the highest ecclesiastical auspices. At the close of the proceedings the choristers ranged themselves in line, and a regular and most harmonious fantasia on the castanets was performed. Again, and once again, did the band strike up, and the merry chant, ending with the exulting paean, was sung, and twice and thrice did the sound of the castanets click through the huge expanse of the mighty Cathedral of Seville. Then I waited to see the little choristers file out of the choir, and down the nave, out of the gate of San Cristobal to their school-house on the other side. They trooped onwards, a demure band of plump, black-eyed, swarthy little fellows, all clad in antique Spanish costume of crimson and yellow doublets and trunk hose, rosettes in their shoes, highly-starched ruffs, and rapiers and plumed hats. Now this spectacle anywhere out of Spain, or, indeed, out of Seville, might have appeared utterly grotesque, unseemly, and indecent. There it appeared quite natural, normal, and in keeping with the surroundings. The castanet dance before the altar was, I was told, a privilege enjoyed solely by the Cathedral of Seville, and was indulged in only thrice a year."

While upon this subject I cannot refrain from quoting two very curious instances of saints leaping for joy in their ecstasy of devotion. One is S. Joseph of Cupertino, an ecstatic Francisan friar, who, one Christmas night, arrayed for Benediction, heard the pfiferari performing Christmas carols outside the church, and at once sprang to the altar, and thence, at one bound, habited in cope, into the pulpit. On another occasion the beautiful hymns made him dance in the middle of the church. The other instance is S. Peter Balsam, who was alone, as he thought, before a statue of the Virgin Mother with the Divine Infant on her knee, and was so overcome by his emotion that he began to dance before it. He was observed by a companion.

The EPIPHANY was also provided with its carols and mysteries, and peculiar dramatical ritual in churches, to impress its significance on the popular mind. The Magi were represented by choristers costumed fantastically, who issued from different corners of the church, as though from different regions of the globe, to meet before the altar. In the Office Book
of Rouen, it was ordered that after Terce, the middle king should issue from the east side, the second from the right, the third from the left side of the church. In one of the forms used by the performers, which dates from the 12th century, one of the *dramatis personæ* is an Englishman, and he is thus addressed:

"Quid stas, quod stupes, bos Britannice?"

to which he replies—"Sto, stupeo, stimulum quæro, ut pugnam bovem Gallicum." * One of the performers was always black—this was Gaspar.† In a sequence of the 16th century we have the following:

"Gaudete vos fideles, gentium pars electa
Æthiopum nigredo in Judæam est translata."‡

And the carol singers soon followed:

"Herodes sprach aus grossem Tratz
Ey warumb ist der Hinder so schwarz?
O Lieber Herr er ist uns wohl bekannt
Er ist ein König in Morenland."

"Herod spake in great dismay, Why is the hindermost black? O, good Sir, he is well known to us; he is a king of the Moor's country." § To the present day, on the Epiphany at S. Peter's, Rome, at the same moment, three pupi's of the Propaganda, of whom one must be a negro, say mass at three altars.

In the rules of the Kremnitz Carol brotherhood, the first king is described as "red," the second as "black," and the third as "green!" ||

Epiphany carols are still sung in Germany and Belgium by men or boys dressed in character. In Holstein three peasants dress in white shirts—one

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† "Jasper erat et ethiops niger, de quo nulli dubium."—John of Hildesheim, p. 13.
‡ Daniel, Hymn v., 180.
§ Docen, Miscel., i., 279.
has a black face, and carries a fishing-rod with a gilt star suspended to it, and they sing a carol beginning—

"Wir, Kasper und Melcher, und Baltser genannt,  
Wir, sind die heiligen drei König aus Morgenland."

In Saxony the star is composed of oiled paper, and a lamp burns inside it. In the midst of the star a house is painted, and one of the windows is made to open by means of a string, and, like the cuckoo in a clock, a doll of Herod pops out and bobs his head, and then retires again. This exhibition is accompanied by a curious carol, sung in parts, with question and answer, Herod popping out of his window, being supposed to be one of the singers, his part being chanted by the bearer of the star in shrill falsetto. In Hesse three men in white, with blackened faces, sing before each house. At Münstermaifeld, in the Eifel district, a very curious performance takes place. The story of the coming and adoration of the Magi is performed dramatically, the *dramatis personæ* being Herod and his servants, the Jewish Scribes, an angel, two shepherds, and the three kings.

But the most singular performances, those bearing the closest resemblance to the mediæval plays, in which carols were sung in character, is certainly that which prevails in German Bohemia. On the approach of Christmas, boys and girls, dressed as shepherds and sheperdesses, perambulate the towns and villages, singing pastoral songs, the subject of which is the coming of the Christ-child. On the Sundays in Advent, in the Erz mountains, the so-called Angel-host makes its rounds, consisting of two angels, the infant Christ, Bishop Martin of Tours, S. Nicolas or S. Peter, Joseph, Mary, the host of the inn, two shepherds, and the Knecht Ruprecht, a hobgoblin to scare children. At Oberufer, near Pressburg, the parts are carefully prepared in October, with the schoolmaster as instructor, and all the parts are sung, and studied so that they may be sung in good time and tune. No person of disorderly character is allowed to take a character; and whilst the performance lasts, *i.e.* from the first Sunday in Advent to Christmas Eve, no secular music is suffered to be played in the village.

On the first Sunday in Advent the play begins with a procession. First
goes the star, carried by the precentor; next the Christmas-tree, hung with ribbands and apples, drawn by the rest of the players, singing sacred songs. On reaching the hall where the miracle play is to be performed, a semi-circle is made, and a carol called the “Star-song” is performed, beginning—

“Ir lieben meine Singer fangts tapfer an
Zü grüessen wolln wirs heben an.”

The performers then greet the sun, the moon, the stars, the emperor, and the magistracy, “in Namen alles Würz alein soviel als in der Erden, sein” (in the name of all the herbs that grow in earth). They greet next the mastersinger and his hat, and conclude with a salutation to the constellations of Charles’ wain, the Soul-car of German heathen mythology. After this chanted greeting, with its very heathenish ring, follows a carol, “Unzre eingent seine bott,” whilst singing which the hall is entered.

There is neither stage nor scenery. All the “properties” required are a wooden bench and a straw chair. The bench indicates Bethlehem; the chair, Jerusalem. A choir sings between each scene, and an angel chants the prologue and epilogue. Joseph carries a sort of straw umbrella, which represents the roof of the stable; and the star is affixed to an elongater, like those in toy-boxes on which soldiers are pegged. Knecht Ruprecht, or the Devil, carries a cow’s horn and a whip, is dressed in black, and has a hideous mask with horns on his head, and a fox’s tail attached to his waist. The three shepherds lie asleep on the floor, and the angel in big boots walks over their breasts, singing, to show that he is communicating his message to them in a dream. The host of the inn wears Hungarian costume, as do also the servants of King Herod—a fur cap, a huzzar coat slung over one shoulder, frogged waistcoats, and hessian boots. The Scribes wear paper frilled collars (like those worn in the reign of Charles I.), paper mitres, white nightshirts, and top boots.* It is impossible not to think

of the performance, in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, of Bottom and his company.

In England, Christmas carols have survived; the dancing has been divorced from them, and the personations have disappeared. Epiphany carols have completely died out, and are only now being revived. But, probably, Epiphany was never so popular a festival in England as in Germany. The old miracle plays were often founded on the Apocryphal Gospels; little that is apocryphal has found its way into the carols. There is only one which preserves a trait of myth in it; and that, fortunately, is one of the very highest interest.

I was teaching carols to a party of mill-girls in the West Riding of Yorkshire, some ten years ago, and amongst them that by Dr. Gauntlett—

> "Saint Joseph was a walking"—

when they burst out with "Nay! we know one a deal better nor yond;" and, lifting up their voices, they sang, to a curious old strain,—

> "Sant Joseph was an old man,  
> And an old man was he;  
> He married sweet Mary,  
> And a Virgin was she.

> "And as they were walking  
> In the garden so green,  
> She spied some ripe cherries  
> Hanging over yon treen."

> "Said Mary to Joseph,  
> With her sweet lips, and smiled,  
> 'Go, pluck me yon ripe cherries off,  
> For to give to my Child.'

> "Said Joseph to the cherry-tree,  
> 'Come, bow to my knee,  
> And I will pluck thy cherries off,  
> By one, two, and three.'

* Observe the plural in *a.*  
† Some verses lost.
“And as she stooped over Him,
She heard angels sing—
‘God bless our sweet Saviour
And our heavenly King’” *

Raphael’s picture of the Madonna giving cherries to the Child will recur to the mind of the reader.

Hone gives a complete version of the Cherry-Tree Carol—the first verses much like those I heard. There Joseph refuses to pluck the cherries, being minded to put Mary away privily; but he is miraculously informed that the tree will do homage to the pure Mother-Maid:

“'Go to the tree, Mary,
   And it shall bow to thee;
   And the highest branch of all
   Shall bow down to Mary’s knee.

   'And she shall gather cherries,
   By one, by two, by three.'
   'Now you may see, Joseph,
   Those cherries were for me.'

   'O! eat your cherries, Mary;
   O! eat your cherries now;
   O! eat your cherries, Mary,
   That grow on the bough.'

This scene occurs in one of the Coventry mystery plays (viii.), when Joseph and Mary are on their way to Bethlehem, before the birth of Christ.

Mary asks,—

“A very swete husband! wolde ye telle to me
What tre is yon, standing upon yon hylle?”

Joseph. “For suthe, Mary, it is clepyd a chery tre:
   In tyme of yer, ye myght sfede you thereon your fylle.”

Mary. “Turn ageyn, husband, and behold yon tre,
   How that it blomyght, now so swetly.”

* Other versions are given, with other tunes, by Sedding, Sandys, &c.
JOSEPH. “Cum on, Mary, that we wern at yon cyte,  
Or ellys we may be blamyd, I tell you lyhtly.”

MARY. “Now, my spouse, I pray you to behold  
How the cheryes growyn upon yon tre;  
Ffor to have them, of reyght, ffayn I wold,  
An it plesyd you to labor’ so mech for me.” *

Joseph answers roughly that he will not stay; then the tree bows down of its own accord, and offers its cherries to the hand of Mary.

There is nothing about the cherry-tree in the Apocryphal Gospels. It is the lingering on of a very curious, mysterious tradition, common to the whole race of man, that the eating of the fruit in Eden was the cause of the descendant of Eve becoming the Mother of Him who was to wipe away that old transgression. In the carol and the mystery play this tradition is strangely altered, but its presence cannot fail to be detected. The following is from the last runa or canto of the “Kalewala,” the great Finnish epic, dating from a remote heathen antiquity. It has gone through alteration at the end; the name of the Virgin is given as Mary, and before the Son the old gods of the Suomi are represented as flying to the north:

“Mariatta, the beautiful maiden, grew up in the lofty mansion; the log of the threshold was stroked by her soft garments, the doorposts by the waving locks of her head.

“Mariatta, the beautiful maiden, always innocent and always pure, went forth to milk the cows.

“Mariatta, the beautiful maiden, always innocent and always pure, went forth to pasture sheep.

“She led them where the serpent glides under the bushes, and where the lizard darts.

“But no serpent glided, no lizard darted, where Mariatta led her sheep.

“On a hill grew a little berry-tree; and it had a green branch, and on the green branch grew a scarlet berry.

“'Come, O virgin!’ said the tree, 'come, and gather me.

“'O virgin with the tin broach, come before the worm wounds me, and the black snake has coiled round me.'

“Mariatta, the beautiful maiden, comes forward to pluck the berry, but she cannot reach it. Then she takes a stick and strikes it off, and the berry falls on the ground.

“'Little, berry, scarlet berry, come upon my lap.' And the berry danced upon her lap.

“'Little berry, scarlet berry, come up to my lips.' And the berry leaped into her mouth, and she swallowed it.”

Mariatta becomes the mother of Ilmori (the Air); and when he is born,
the old Wäinämöinen, the national god of the Finns, "sang his last song, and made a boat of brass, a boat with keel of iron; and in this boat he rowed away, far away into the vast spaces, to the lower regions of the sky."*

The same incident occurs in the "Popol Vuh," the sacred book of the Quiches, a Central American people,† and formed part of the mythology of the ancient Mexicans. The same story has again reappeared from the catacombs of Egypt in the curious romance of the "Two Brothers."‡ Numerous traces of the same idea may be found, and it might be followed out, and form a most interesting monograph; but this is not the place for such a mythological disquisition. In a note I give a few additional references.§

In conclusion, let us return to S. Francis, with whom we started. Perhaps there is almost as great a need now-a-days of impressing the great doctrine of the Incarnation on the popular mind as in the days of that great regenerator.

The various sects with which England is overrun have more or less Manicheism at their roots. Some of them are lineally traceable to Manicheism in the 8th and 9th centuries. They all more or less sever the spirit from the body, and make religion a matter of spirit only, dissociating from it the body. The sacraments are the outposts of the Incarnation; and with rejection of them, the Incarnation has ceased to be regarded as the keystone of Christianity. Whilst intellectual critics dispute and deny this great verity, its hold on the unintellectual is enfeebled. The great necessity for us at the present day is to enforce this doctrine by every means in our power. We cannot, perhaps, adopt the præsepio of S. Francis, but we may his carols. What was found efficacious in the 12th century, will not be

* "Le Kalewala," p. de Leózan le Duc (1845), ii., 32nd Runa.
† "Popol Vuh," par M. Brasseur de Bourbourg (1861), p. 89-95.
‡ Select Papyri of the British Museum, ii. The best translation is that of M. Maspero, in "Revue des cours littéraires," 1871.
found powerless in the 19th. The carol, in a homely, intelligible manner, brings the doctrine of the Incarnation home to simple minds in a manner which sermons and hymns will never do. It would be well if clergy of the Church of England would adopt the carol, and use it at Christmastide in their churches. They might even attempt the præsepio in a schoolroom, and have carols sung around it by their choir. I have assisted at such a performance, in the house of a Calvinist pastor, in the canton of Vaud, and I have seen it attempted with success in the back slums of the East of London in a Church of England school.

S. BARING-GOULD.

East Mersea Rectory, Colchester,
August 5th, 1875.
The use of this book during the holy seasons of Christmas and Epiphany will bring many a new feeling of delight to those who have never yet heard Carols sung in Church. The former series, of which twelve editions were printed, has been adopted on trial since 1868, the first year of publication, in S. Augustine's Church, instead of the hymn book, during the whole of the Christmas and Epiphany seasons; and it is always to us—congregation, choir, and clergy—the very beginning of Lent to lay aside our popular, much-loved carols. "Psalms and Hymns," though appropriate at all other times of joy or sadness, are not the "Spiritual Songs" best suited to express our "great joy" for the "good tidings" of the Saviour's Birth and Manifestation to the Gentiles. The Carol belongs especially to this dispensation. It was introduced by the Angel when he announced the First Christmas; and the Carol has continued the "Evangelical Song" ever since. L'Estrange, in his "Alliance of Divine Offices," cap. 7, p. 211, published A.D. 1690, distinguishes thus:

"Antiquity called this (the Gloria in Excelsis) the Angelical Hymn; and in truth, being Angelical, it must be an hymn; αἱ ἄνω δύναμεις ὑμνοῦσιν οὐ ψάλλουσιν, saith Chrysostom. Angels and the celestial choir send forth hymns, they sing not psalms. And so Clemens Alexandrinus—οὐν μόι έστο τοῦ Θεοῦ αἱ οὕτως—Let hymns be only the praises of God; the reason is, οἱ ψαλμοί πάντα ἔχουσι, οἱ δὲ υμοί πάλιν οὕδεν αἱ θροπνοῦν—Psalms contain all things both divine and moral, hymns only the praises of God. Called it is the Angelical Hymn, because the first part thereof is the Nativity Carol (i.e. a song or narrative chant sung..."
to a dance or measure *) mentioned by S. Luke, ii. 13, sung by the Angels; the rest was composed by Ecclesiastical Doctors."

Much in the same way Bishop Jeremy Taylor, in his "Life of Christ" part i., sec. iv., 5 and 6, writes:—

"After the Angel had told his message in plain-song, the whole chorus † joined in descant, and sang an hymn to the tune and sense of Heaven, where glory is paid to God in eternal and never-ceasing offices, and whence good-will descends upon men in never-ceasing torrents. Their song was 'Glory be to God,' &c. As soon as these blessed choristers had sung their Christmas carol, and taught the Church a hymn to put into her offices for ever, the Angels returned into Heaven."

Carols have employed the minds and animated the devotion of Christians and poets in all ages and places. They were amongst the first pieces printed by the first printers, a fact which sufficiently indicates their general use. Now, when printing and church music have progressed so far, the true carol ought not to be neglected. With hymns we shall never make Christmas "glad," as in olden time, when the Church in her collect prayed, "God, which makest us glad with the yearly remembrance of the birth of Thy Only Son, Jesus Christ, grant that we may with sure confidence behold Him when He shall come to be our Judge." ‡ It might certainly, therefore, tend to regain the love and awaken the homely faith of the masses, if in a more carollike and free, though at the same time becoming and reverent manner, we

* Baretti, in his Dictionary, explains carola to be ballo tondo che s'accompagna col canto, a dance with singing. "The Scriptures tell us we must praise the Lord in the dance," said an old chorister man to me one Christmas night at a choir supper, five-and-twenty years ago, in friend-loving old Cornwall. The remarkable "Flora" dance at Helston just answers to the description in Chaucer's Dreame, "I saw her daunce so comely, carol and sing so sweetly." So in Dante's "Paradise," canto xxiv. 17 v. :—

"Even thus their carols weaving variously
They by the measure paced or swift or slow,
Made me to rate the riches of their joy."

See also Du Cange's Glossary.

† Many of the carols in this volume are arranged in like manner—i.e. verse, or solo, followed by chorus; and the effect is very striking, and the variation from the ordinary hymn not a little edifying.

‡ Edward VI.'s Prayer Book of 1549, for the first Communion.
were to familiarise, or even popularise, in church and home, this great and fundamental truth of Christianity, the Divine Mystery of the Incarnation. The late Mr. W. Sandys, F.S.A., states that "as the hour of twelve approaches, the carol singers prepare, and the bell-ringers place themselves at their post, to usher in the morning of the Nativity with due rejoicing. The first duty (he says) of a Christian is to repair to his church to return thanks for the benefit conferred on man; he may then with greater satisfaction partake of the subsequent feasting and rejoicing." Telesphorus, in the second century, says in his decretal Epistle—"It is ordained that in the holy night of the Nativity of our Lord and Saviour they do celebrate public church services, and in them do solemnly sing the Angels' hymn." In England, after the Reformation, when Latin hymns were abolished, carols were commonly sung in churches,* as now in Cornwall, until Epiphany. To assist the further restoration of this pious use of our forefathers, the present enlarged collection is put forth. It is thought to possess, "very considerable merits." If this be so—above all, if even in a small degree it contribute to the heartiness of praise and the loveliness of song—to the Glory, Honour, and Worship of the Divine Jesus—the labours of those who have assisted to bring about this result will have been abundantly rewarded.

The Index is not so explicit as it might be; but the thorough-paced people's Carol, such as was sung by vagrant singers, and found in old broad-sheet collections and small cheap books printed in the provinces, has scarcely ever author or composer's name handed down. Sometimes the words had a proper tune, sometimes a secular well-known air, and different versions of the same Carol, words and music, were to be found in different counties. In the present work, these versions have undergone careful revision, though it seemed unnecessary to point out either all the alterations, or by whom they were suggested, in this combined effort of many years.

To the following Authors, Publishers, and Owners of Manuscripts, the Rev.

* See Heath's *Account of the Scilly Islands*, quoted by Brand, p. 381; Dr. Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, chap. iv.; Warton's notice of *Certain goodly Carowles to be songe to the Glory of God*; and *Crestenmas Carowles auctorisshed by my lord of London*. 
R. R. Chope's grateful thanks are due:—To Mrs. Alexander; to the Rev. Sir Henry Baker, Bart., and to the Compilers of "Hymns Ancient and Modern;" to the Rev. John Baron; to the Rev. C. Bicknell; to the Rev. C. J. Black; to the Rev. C. T. Bowen; to Mr. Owen Breden, of S. Mark's College, Chelsea; to the Rev. W. Bright, D.D., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford; to Mr. Arthur Henry Brown; to Mrs. O. P. Cambridge; to the Rev. Edward Caswall; to Mr. John David Chambers; to Mr. William Chappell, F.R.S.; to the Rev. S. Childs Clarke; to Mr. Norval Clyne; to William Tyeth Coster, M.D.; to M. de Coussemaker; to the Right Rev. Bishop Coxe; to Fanny Crosby; to the Rev. P. D. Dayman; to Mr. W. Chatterton Dix; to the Rev. W. D. V. Duncombe, Minor Canon of Hereford Cathedral; to the Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., Vicar of S. Oswald's, Durham; to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Ely, Dr. Woodford; to Mrs. C. Farebrother; to Dr. Gauntlett; to the Rev. S. Baring-Gould; to Mr. William Gowman, a chief player on stringed instruments; to the Rev. George Peirse Grantham; to the Rev. S. S. Greatheed; to the Proprietor of the "Guardian;" to the Rev. Archer Gurney; to Mr. James Halse, a chief player on stringed instruments; to the Rev. R. S. Hawker, Vicar of Morwenstow; to the Rev. Thomas Helmore, Priest-in-Ordinary to the Queen, &c.; to Mr. John Hodges; to Mr. W. R. Holt; to the Rev. William Josiah Irons, D.D., Prebendary of S. Paul's, &c.; to Miss Geneviève Irons; to Mr. Herbert Stephen Irons, Assistant Organist of Chester Cathedral; to the Right Rev. Bishop Jenner; to J. E. B.; to Mr. David Jones, for much help in collecting local Carols, as well as for search made in the British Museum; to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; to Mr. Henry Lahee; to the Rev. W. Laying; to the Rev. F. G. Lee, D.C.L.; to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Lincoln, Dr. Christopher Wordsworth; to Mr. George B. Lissant, Organist of S. Augustine's Church, South Kensington; to the Rev. R. F. Littledale, LL.D.; to Messrs. Sampson Low, Son, and Marston; to Messrs. Masters and Co.; to Messrs. Metzler and Co.; to the Rev. J. E. Millard, D.D.; to Mr. Moon; to
the Rev. A. M. Morgan; to the Rev. Gerard Moultrie; to Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.; to Mr. H. J. Peel; to P. V.; to Dr. Rimbault, to whom the Church is largely indebted for antiquarian research; to Mr. W. Sandys; to Mr. E. Sedding; to the Rev. H. Fleetwood Sheppard; to the Rev. R. F. Smith, Minor Canon of Southwell Collegiate Church; to Mr. Samuel Smith, Organist of S. John's, Windsor; to Dr. Stainer, Organist of S. Paul's Cathedral; to Mr. William Thorne; to the Rev. Godfrly Thring; to Messrs. Weekes and Co.; and to Mr. George S. Weekes.

R. R. C.
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<td>Rev. W. J. Irons, D.D.</td>
<td>From William Gowman</td>
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<tr>
<td>This work would not have reached its present state of poetic beauty and doctrinal accuracy of expression without the valuable help of my esteemed friend, Dr. Irons.</td>
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<td>Rev. Geo. Peirce Grantham</td>
<td>From William Gowman*</td>
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<td>Had it not been for the persevering, though unobtrusive, labours of Mr. William Gowman, many of these beautiful melodies must have been lost to the services of the Church.</td>
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<tr>
<td><em>Angels, from the realms of glory</em></td>
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<td></td>
<td>Herbert Stephen Irons</td>
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<td>This copyright tune is taken from the Rev. R. R. Chope’s “Hymn and Tune Book,” published by Mr. Mackenzie.</td>
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<td><em>Arouse thee, Herod, fling</em></td>
<td>104</td>
<td>Rev. Geo. Peirce Grantham</td>
<td>Rev. R. F. Smith*</td>
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<tr>
<td>If any inquire what the clergy of this generation have done for the sacred service of song in the Church of Christ, they may form a fair estimate of their successful labours from the compositions in this work.</td>
<td></td>
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<td><em>A shout of mighty triumph</em></td>
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<td>1 Rev. R. F. Smith*</td>
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<td>2 Rev. G. P. Grantham*</td>
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<tr>
<td>H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc.</td>
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<td><em>As on the night before this happy morn</em></td>
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<td></td>
<td>Orlando Gibbons</td>
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<tr>
<td>This carol is from the “Hymns and Songs of the Church,” translated and composed by George Wither, and printed by his “Assignes,” A.D. 1623. “Master Orlando Gibbons” supplied no music for the chorus. My friend, Mr. H. S. Irons, who has a true smack of good old Church music in him, has carefully remedied the defect. His arrangements throughout this book will be found to possess considerable merit, and demand some skill in the accompanist.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><em>As with gladness men of old</em></td>
<td>101</td>
<td>W. Chatterton Dix</td>
<td>Rev. R. F. Smith*</td>
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<tr>
<td>This beautiful carol had been so much associated with hymn music, that it was no easy matter to get disentangled from the style; but my skilful friend, who has a true conception of carol music, successfully effected this for me at last. I ought here to acknowledge how much I am indebted to the Rev. R. F. Smith for his painstaking zeal and ability in suggesting alterations and improvements in the proofs submitted to him of both music and words.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><em>A Virgin most pure, as the prophets do tell</em></td>
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<td>Traditional, altered</td>
<td>Traditional, W. of England</td>
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<td>This arrangement of a deservedly popular old carol goes splendidly.</td>
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<td>Be present, ye faithful</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>Translated from the Latin</td>
<td>Arranged by Herbert Stephen Irons</td>
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<td>Carol, carol, Christians</td>
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<td>Bishop Coxe</td>
<td>Rev. R. F. Smith*</td>
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In the early ages bishops were accustomed to sing carols among the clergy. Bishop Aldhelm sang sacred songs to his harp on bridges and in thoroughfares. See Churton’s Early English Church, c. vii., pp. 133, 134. Also Brand’s Popular Antiquities, vol. i., p. 480. And for some account of music in the Anglo-Saxon Church, Johnson’s English Canons (Oxford, 1850), Preface, pp. xvi., xvii., Notes.

Carol, sweetly carol | 47 | Fanny Crosby | P. V. |

Inserted with the kind permission of Messrs. Weekes & Co.

Christians, awake, salute the happy morn | 32 | John Byrom | R. Wainwright, Mus. Doc. |

Christians, carol sweetly | 13 | William Chatterton Dix | Herbert Stephen Irons* |

Come, good Christians, join our song | 84 | Rev. S. Baring-Gould | French Flanders, harmonised by H. S. I. |

The end of the 16th or the beginning of the 17th century appears to be the date of this music, which is very interesting, as containing most unmistakably the “motif” of the latter part of Handel’s well-known “Harmonious Blacksmith.” The words, slightly altered, and music are inserted here with the kind permission of Mr. John Hodges.

Come! ye lofty, come! ye lowly | 60 | Rev. Archer Gurney | Rev. Archer Gurney |

Deep the gloom, and still the night | 81 | Rev. G. P. Grantham | Rev. G. P. Grantham |

This popular carol (inserted with the kind permission of Mr. John Hodges) was sung at Christmas in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, by 300 voices, under the direction of the Rev. Thomas Helmore, and before 4000 persons, “with thunders of applause.”


Fearfully, timidly, now do we raise | 102 | Slightly altered by R.F.S. | H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc. |

Give the accented syllable to the accented note, and everything falls into its proper place in this carol.

From the Eastern mountains | 86 | Rev. Godfrey Thring | George B. Lissant* |

Gentle Saviour, day and night | 78 | Tr. by Rev. S. Baring-Gould | French Flanders, harmonised by the Rev. H. Fleetwood Sheppard |

This is another of the Flemish Noels—one of the stock pieces of the carol singers of Dunkerque, but it is also known and sung in other parts of the country. It is inserted here with the kind permission of Mr. John Hodges.

Gently falls the winter snow | 19 | Rev. E. Caswall & W. J. I. | Herbert Stephen Irons* |
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AUTHOR OR SOURCE OF FIRST LINE OF CAROL. NO. WORDS. MUSIC.

Glory to God in the highest is ringing . . . . 16 Rev. W. J. Irons, D.D. . Rev. R. F. Smith*

Striking music to striking words. Hand-bells or stringed instruments would be effective as additional accompaniments. The "Nowells" of this bell-carol should not be sung when they can be played on an organ or other instrument.

God rest you, merry gentlemen . . . . 10 1 Traditional . . . . 1 Arranged by the Rev. W. D. V. Duncombe

There are two or three varieties of this carol in the minor, and one in the major key. The form No. 1 here given is believed to be the truly national one—the least corrupt, and the best. Certainly the harmonies are good, and will stand no end of wear. The true carol must not be made up of inferior harmonies. There should be an undeniable melodious flow of the middle parts, as a general rule. N.B.—The last chord in the last verse of No. 1 should be sung with the A₂. No carol seems to be more generally known than this.

God's dear Son without beginning . . . . 5 From Gilbert's Book . . . . West of England, arranged by Rev. W. D. V. Duncombe

Good Christians all, with sweet accord . . . . 22 1 Re-written by R. R. C . Cornish

Hark! all around the welkin rings . . . . 61 British Museum . . . . Owen Breden

Hark, hark, what news the Angels bring . . . . 18 Devonshire, altered by R. R. C . . . . Devonshire, altered by Herbert Stephen Irons*

*Hark! the full-voiced choir is singing . . . . 38 Rev. R. R. Chope . . . . From William Gowman, arranged by Herbert Stephen Irons*

Hark! the herald Angels sing . . . . 17 Rev. Charles Wesley . . . . F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy

Hark! the music of the Cherubs . . . . 31 Cornish, and R. R. C . . . . Traditional, arranged by Herbert Stephen Irons*

These carols should be well practised before they are played in the Services of the Church.

Hark! what mean those holy voices . . . . 41 1 Traditional . . . . Cornish

It was a custom in Cornwall to repeat each verse of some carols to the second part of the music, as in this specimen.

Hark! what mean those thrilling voices . . . . 63 Altered from Cawood by H. J. Gauntlett and H. R. C . . . . H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc. 1867

The music is in the time of the Church March, and form of the Church Dance.

High let us swell our tuneful notes . . . . 37 From the end of the Prayer Book . . . . Henry Lahee

How blest with more than woman's bliss was she . . . . 88 Traditional, and W. J. I . . . . From James Halse, arranged by Herbert Stephen Irons*

*I love to hear sweet voices sing . . . . 23 Rev. R. R. Chope . . . . From William Gowman, arranged by Herbert Stephen Irons*

The sweet memory of carols sung at midnight on Christmas Eve suggested these lines to their author.


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<th>FIRST LINE OF CAROL</th>
<th>NO.</th>
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<th>MUSIC</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Immortal Babe, who this dear day . . . . .</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>Bishop Hall . .</td>
<td>Rev. R. F. Smith*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The words of this beautiful carol were written for the Exeter Cathedral Choir.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I sing the birth was born to-night. 12 Ben Johnson, A.D. 1600</td>
<td>Rev. R. F. Smith*</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The mixture of major and minor in this carol is greatly appreciable.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It came upon the midnight clear . 34 Edmund Hamilton Sears . Samuel Smith*</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Knowing not the great Creator . 100{ Literal translation by Rev. S. Baring-Gould, Dresden, 1767, harmonised by R. F. S. *

This charming little Epiphany carol is taken from the Trèves book of Ecclesiastical music.

Last night I lay me down to sleep. 36 Rev. J. E. Millard, D.D. . Herbert Stephen Irons*

This carol embraces the old religious belief that a guardian angel presides over each bed.

Let Christians all with one accord rejoice . . . . . 82{ Traditional . . | Arthur Henry Brown* |
| Let heaven and earth rejoice and sing . . . . . | Traditional . . | Traditional Cornish |
| *Let us now go to Bethlehem . 27 Rev. R. R. Chope . . | Old English, arranged by Herbert Stephen Irons |
| Like silver lamps in a distant shrine . . . . . 43{ William Chatterton Dix . George B. Lissant* |

"Excellent and original" music, set to truly poetical words.

Listen, Gentles, to the story . 55 Tr. by Rev. S. Baring-Gould |

This carol, inserted with the kind permission of Mr. John Hodges, is very pleasing when sung quick enough. It belongs to the early part of the last century. The text, in the original, is somewhat fragmentary; it is, in fact, being fast forgotten.

Look, shepherds, look! Why? Where?. . . . . . 53{ From the Ashmolean Museum, modernised by R. R. C. |
| Herbert Stephen Irons* |
| Look up to heaven, lo! stars are there . . . . . | Rev. W. J. Irons, D.D. . Rev. R. F. Smith* |
| The words were written expressly for this work. |
| Lord, with what zeal did Thy first martyr . . . . . 70{ George Wither. . | Orlando Gibbons, arranged by H. S. I. |
| Lo! the pilgrim Magi. . . . . . 79| John David Chambers, from the Latin . | Herbert Stephen Irons* |
| This carol is written to be sung in procession, and it is very good. |
| Lo! unto us a Child is born. . . . . . 49 Traditional, and R. R. C . Cornish |
| This is a delightful carol, of the true Cornish style of music. |

*Noel. Born is the King of Israel. 96 Rev. W. J. Irons, D.D. . Arthur Henry Brown* |

The music of this carol was first published in the Choir, by Messrs. Metzler & Co.
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AUTHOR OR SOURCE OF

FIRST LINE OF CAROL.      NO.        WORDS.                                      MUSIC.

Noel. This is the salutation of the angel Gabriel.  45  Last two verses by the Rev. R. R. Chope  Old English
Now lift the carol, men and maids.  7  Rev. A. M. Morgan  Arthur Henry Brown*

The music of this carol is the author's special favourite.

*O ! come ye down to Cana.  106  Rev. G. P. Grantham  H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc. 1874
O lovely voices of the sky .  92  Mrs. Hemans  Traditional, arranged by Herbert Stephen Irons

In Mr. William Sandy's admirable book of "Christmas Carols, Ancient and Modern," this beautiful melody is set to the words, "Saint Stephen was an holy man"—a kind of narrative in verse of the account recorded in the Acts of the holy Apostles, but too quaint in style for use in church.

From "Carols, New and Old," by the Rev. H. Bramley and Dr. Stainer, with the kind permission of Messrs. Novello, Kwer & Co.


Once in the winter cold, when earth .  66  Rev. C. J. Black  Rev. R. F. Smith*

*O sing of the Saviour's might .  108  Rev. R. R. Chope  Samuel Smith*

This effective tune was taken down from some carollers in the village of Marden, in Herefordshire, in which county a laudable effort has been made to restore carol singing.

*O sing we a carol all blithe and free .  24  Rev. W. J. Irons, D.D.  Arthur Henry Brown*

These telling words were expressly written for Mr. Brown's admirable carol.

*Remember, life is short, O man .  76  Re-written for R. R. C. by the Rev. W. J. Irons, D.D.  Traditional, arranged by Herbert Stephen Irons

It was formerly believed that this piece contained the original of God save the King.

Rise, wondering shepherds, rise .  51  Traditional, Devonshire  Arranged by Herbert Stephen Irons*

The duet parts of this carol must be sung without accompaniment, or much of the effect will be lost.

Shepherds, rejoice, lift up your eyes .  35  Traditional, W. of England  Traditional, harmonised by H. S. I.

The inner parts of many of these carols are strikingly beautiful and melodious.

*Shining o'er Bethlehem, to faithful watchers given .  103  Rev. R. F. Smith  Old English, arranged by Herbert Stephen Irons
This air is taken from Mr. William Chappell's admirable book of "Popular Music of the Olden Time."

*Sing we merry Christmas .  1  Rev. C. T. Bowen  Rev. C. T. Bowen*
*Sing ye the songs of praise .  57  Rev. W. Layng  Mrs. C. Farebrother*

Sleep, holy Babe.  75  Rev. E. Caswall  Orlando Gibbons, and H. S. Irons*

*Sleep, my Saviour, sleep .  74  Rev. S. Baring-Gould  Bohemian, arranged by Rev. R. F. Smith*

Sojourners and strangers .  107  Rev. W. J. Irons, D.D.  Herbert Stephen Irons*
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Harmonies and altered Words of Traditional Carols.

Author or Source of


Songs of thankfulness and praise. 85 Bishop of Lincoln (Christo-
ther Wordsworth, D.D.) George B. Lissant*

Star of heaven, new glory beaming . . 83 Rev. W. J. Irons, D.D. John Stainer, M.A., Mus,

This is one of many excellent carols now set to music for the first time.

*Stars all bright are beaming 4 Rev. R. R. Chope Mr. Moon and W. R. Holt

A great favourite in the congregation.

Teach us by his example, Lord . 71 George Wither. From William Gowman

That rage whereof the Psalm doth say . . 72 George Wither. Rev. R. F. Smith*

That so Thy blessed birth, O Christ . . 94 George Wither. Orlando Gibbons

The Babe in Bethlehem’s manger laid . . 6 Kentish . . Traditional

The Compiler’s object has been to include in this collection every English carol worth preserving, and capable
of being still used in the services of the church.

The blasts of chill December sound . . 64 Norval Clyne . Rev. R. F. Smith*

The cedar of Lebanon, plant of renown . . 11 Rev. R. F. Littledale, LL.D. Old English

*The Christmas bells are ringing. 67 Rev. G. P. Grantham Flemish, arranged by

The first Noel that the Angel did say . . 80 Traditional, emended Traditional

*The flocks were wrapt in slumber all along the dewy ground . . 29 Rev. R. F. Smith Rev. R. F. Smith*

Certainly this is a king of carols—grand, flowing, melodious; full of life but majestic and dignified withal.

The holly and the ivy. . . 15 Traditional . Old French

“Dear Aunt Mary’s tree,” to quote the Cornish poet, has been looked upon from time immemorial as
emblematical of the Saviour’s mission.

*The King of kings . . 105 Miss Geneviève Irons Rev. R. F. Smith*

The Lord at first did Adam make. 2 West of England, emended From Gilbert’s book

This carol is taken from Davies Gilbert’s “Ancient Christmas Carols, with the Tunes to which they were
formerly sung in the West of England,” first published in 1822. They were sung, he says, in churches and
in private houses at Christmas up to the latter part of the late century; but the writer of this himself
joined in singing carols in the churches of the West as recently as twenty years before he so successfully
introduced them to his own congregation in London.

Christmas Day, like other great Festivals, has a Vigil, or Fast. The Holy Eucharist is celebrated at midnight
after Christmas Eve, when austerities cease, and rejoicings begin, and the peculiarly appropriate carol
succeeds to the Advent cry.

The Lord is come . . 91 Traditional . Cornish

The moon shone bright, and the stars gave light . . 77 Traditional . Traditional, Lancashire.

From “Carols, New and Old,” with the kind permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co. The last verse should
be omitted when this carol is sung in church.

The snow lay deep upon the ground . 41 Traditional . West of England
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AUTHOR OR SOURCE OF

FIRST LINE OF CAROL. NO. WORDS. MUSIC.
The Son of God goes forth to war. 69 Bishop Heber . . Rev. R. F. Smith*

Much of the effect of this clever carol depends on the pace at which it is sung. It is written as a Processional.

The time is either \( ^{3}_{4} \) or \( ^{12}_{8} \); two steps should be taken to the bar in the quick parts, and four in the slow.

The winter sun was setting. 73 Rev. G. Peirce Grantham . . Rev. W. D. V. Duncombe

In the second tune the first syllable, "with," "both," "till," of the seventh line of verses 2, 3, 4, should be sung as a crotchet.


This music is abbreviated from Dr. Gauntlett’s carol of "The Three Ships," or, "The Saviour Christ and our Ladye," 1849.

The Word made flesh, right reverently . . . . 56 Tr.by Rev. S. Baring-Gould [Latin sequence, harmonised by Rev. H. Fleetwood Sheppard

The version of the melody here chosen is from the Amiens collection of liturgical music. It is quite a gem, and the arrangement admirably congruous. This reprint is from the "Sacristy," with the kind permission of Mr. John Hodges.

*There came three kings, ere break of day . . . . 95 Rev. Gerald Moultrie . . Rev. R. F. Smith*

There were shepherds abiding in the field. . . . . 52 S. Luke ii. ver. 8 . . Partly traditional, partly Herbert Stephen Irons*

*This day a Child is born . . . . 8 Rev. R. R. Chope . . Traditional

Thou art our God, we exalt Thee, we praise Thee . . . . 98 Rev. W. J. Irons, D.D. . Herbert Stephen Irons*

This is an especial favourite of the poor.

To earth from heaven glad tidings I unfold. . . . . 89 John David Chambers, from the Latin . . Herbert Stephen Irons*

Upon the snow-clad earth without. 59 Slightly altered by R. R. C. . . H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc. 1856

Welcome that star in Judah’s sky. 93 Rev. Rbt. Stephen Hawker Herbert Stephen Irons*

Here is a beautiful carol by one of Cornwall’s greatest poets—a true son of the Church—a faithful friend of the revered Henry Phillpot, Bishop of Exeter, whose light, set on a hill, could not be hid. For upwards of forty years Robert Stephen Hawker was Vicar of Morwenstow; and, though his last moments were spent in the great town by the Tamar’s mouth, his last conscious thoughts and feeble steps were bent in the direction of his sea-girt home among the wild cliffs of Morwenstow.

What Child is this, who, laid to rest 48 William Chatterton Dix . . Traditional


Numeral carols were common in the olden time. The ancient Hebrew is very curious. With each number the previous numbers are repeated, so that each verse includes all the previous, like a well-known nursery carol, until at last we have the summing up—"Who knows thirteen? I know thirteen; thirteen divine emanations; twelve tribes; eleven stars (cf. Gen. xxxvi 9); ten commandments, nine months of gestation; eight days of circumcision; seven days of the week; six books of Mishneh; five books of the Law; four holy matrons (viz., Sarah, Rebecca, Leah, Rachel); three patriarchs; two tables of the Covenant; One is our God, Who is over heaven and earth." But it is impossible to insert in any book for use in church the "Seven Joys" or the "New Dial." The words and music here given are worthy substitutes.
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>What notes shall suit the song</td>
<td>33</td>
<td>J. Waring</td>
<td>Arranged by Herbert Stephen Irons*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When Christ was born of pure Marie</td>
<td>97</td>
<td>R. R. Chope</td>
<td>Herbert Stephen Irons*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>The original words are preserved in an old MS. of the Harleian collection in the British Museum.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When the crimson sun had set</td>
<td>68</td>
<td>Rev. Geo. Peirce Grantham</td>
<td>Traditional, arranged by the Rev. S. S. Greatheed*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>While shepherds watched their flocks by night</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>Nahum Tate</td>
<td>From William Gowman, arranged by Herbert Stephen Irons*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who is this from Bethlehem coming</td>
<td>112</td>
<td>Rev. W. J. Irons, D.D.</td>
<td>Herbert Stephen Irons*</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

This Carol is composed partly in the ancient, partly in the modern style of music.

R. R. CHOPE.

Wilton House, Hereford Square, S.W., 1875.
Carol 1.

Sing we mer-ry Christ-mas, Christmas blithe and free, Time of ho-ly glad-ness, Mirth and min-strel-sie. Hark! the mer-ry Church bells Ring out joy-ous-ly; Hail-ing with sweet mu-sic Christ's Na-tiv-i-ty.

mf Haste we to His Temple, Wreathe our garlands green, Deck each arch and column, Stall and Altar Screen. f Gloria in excelsis; Hark! the Angels sing! Gloria in supremis, To our Infant King.

f Priest, and choir, and people, Join in concert all, Sing your loudest praises, At our Festival. mf Joy for us poor exiles, Dawns this happy Morn,— ff Jesus Christ, the Saviour, Unto us is born!
Carol 2.

Christmas Eve.

Verse.

The Lord at first did Adam make, Out of the dust and clay;
And in his nostrils breathed life, As Holy Scriptures say;
And then in Eden's Paradise He placed him there to dwell,
That he within it should remain, To dress and keep it well.
mf Now let good Christians all begin A holy life to live,

And thus within the garden he
Commanded was to stay;
And unto him for statute good
These words the Loan did say:
"The fruit that in the garden grows
To thee shall be for meat,
Except the tree in midst thereof,
Of which thou shalt not eat.

Now let good Christians, &c.

And now the Goodness of the Lord,
Which He to mankind bore;
His Mercy soon He did extend,
Lost man for to restore;

And then, for to redeem our souls
From death, and hell, and thrall,
He said His Own dear Son should come,
The Saviour of us all.

Now let good Christians, &c.

"For in the day that thou dost touch,
Or unto it come nigh,—
Or if that thou should'st eat thereof,
Then thou shalt surely die."

But Adam he did take no heed
To that same only thing,
But did transgress Gon's holy Laws,
And sore was wrapp'd in sin.

Now let good Christians, &c.

And now the Tide is nigh at hand,
In which our Saviour came;

Let us rejoice and merry be,
In keeping of the same.

Let's feed the poor and clothe the bare,
And love both great and small,
That when we die, to Heaven at last
Our Lord may bring us all.

Now let good Christians, &c.
Carol 3.

Christmas Ebc.

Angels, from the realms of glory, Wing your flight o'er all the earth,

Ye who sang creation's story, Now proclaim Messiah's Birth.

Come and worship! Worship Christ, the New-born King!

Shepherds, in the fields abiding,

Watching o'er your flocks by night,

God with man is now residing,

Yonder shines the Heavenly Light:

Come and worship!

Worship Christ, the New-born King!

Saints, before the altar bending,

Watching long in hope and fear;

Suddenly the Lord, descending,

In His Temple shall appear.

Come and worship!

Worship Christ, the New-born King!

Saints and Angels join in praising

Thee, the Father, Spirit, Son,

Evermore their voices raising

To the Eternal Three in One;

Come and worship!

Worship Christ, the New-born King!
Carol 4.

VERSE.

mf Stars all bright are beam-ing From the skies aBOVE, Na-ture's face all

Chorus.

gleaM-ing, Shines with Heav'n's own love. f Wake and sing, good Chris-rians,

On this Birth-day Morn, Heaven and earth are tell-ing God for man is born.

p Here for us abiding,
Cradled in a Stall,
All His glory hiding,
See the Lord of all!

f Wake and sing, &c.

mf Born that He might lead us
From this desert home,—
Guide our way, and feed us,
Till the end shall come!

f Wake and sing, &c.

f Thousand thousand blessings
Sing we for His Love,
Choral Hymns addressing
To our Lord above.

Wake and sing, &c.

f Glory in the Highest,
For this wondrous Birth;
Choir of Heaven! thou criest

pp Peace to all the earth!

ff Wake and sing, &c.
Christmas Carols.

Carol 5.

mf God's dear Son without beginning Whom the wicked

Jews did scorn, The Only Wise without all sinning

On this blessed Day was born; To save us all from

sin and thrall, When we in Satan's chains were bound, And shed His Blood to
mf Bethlehem, King David's city,
    Was His Birthplace, as we find,—
Who God and Man endued with pity
    Was the Saviour of mankind;—
Yet Jewry land with cruel hand,
    Both first and last His power envied;
P  When He was born, they did Him scorn,
And showed Him malice when He died.

p  Princely Palace for our Saviour
    In Judæa was not found,
But blessed Mary's meek behaviour
    Patiently upon the ground
Her Babe did place in vile disgrace,
    Where oxen in their stalls did feed;
No midwife mild had this sweet Child,
    No woman's help at Mother's need.

p  Kingly robes nor golden treasure
    Decked the Birthday of God's Son;
No pompous train at all took pleasure
    To this King of kings to run;
No mantle brave could Jesus have
    Upon His cradle for to lie;
Nor music's charms in nurse's arms
    To sing the Babe a lullaby.

p  Yet as Mary sat in solace
    By our Saviour's first beginning,
cr  The Host of Angels from God's Palace
    Sounded sweet from Heaven singing;
Yea, Heaven and earth for Jesus' Birth,
    With sweet melodious tunes abound,
f  And everything for Jewry's King,
    Upon the earth gave cheerful sound.

mf  Now to Him that hath redeemed us
    By His Death on Holy Rood,
And though poor sinners so esteemed us,
    That He bought us with His Blood,
cr  Yield lasting fame, that still the Name
    Of Jesus may be honoured here;
f   And let us say that Christmas Day
    Is still the best Day in the year.

An excellent effect is produced by singing the last line of the last verse entirely in the major mode. It simply requires substituting ♩ for ♫ where an A or D occurs in all the parts.
Carol 6.

VERSE.

mf The Babe in Bethlehem's manger laid,

In humble form so low, p By wondering Angels

was surveyed Through all His scenes of woe.

Chorus. f

Noel, Noel, . . . O, sing a Saviour's Birth; . . All
f A Saviour! Sinners all around
Sing, shout the wondrous word;
Let every bosom hail the sound,
A Saviour! Christ the Lord!
Noel, Noel, &c.

mf For not to sit on David's throne
With worldly pomp and joy,—
He came for sinners to atone,
And Satan to destroy;
  f Noel, Noel, &c.

To preach the Word of Life Divine,
To give the Living Bread,
To heal the sick with Hand benign,
And raise to life the dead.
Noel, Noel, &c.

mf He preached, He (pp) suffered, bled and
mf Uplift 'twixt earth and skies;
In sinners' stead was crucified,
For sin a Sacrifice.
  f Noel, Noel, &c.

f Well may we sing the Saviour's Birth,
Who need the Grace so given,
And hail His coming down to earth,
Who raises us to Heaven.
  ff Noel, Noel, &c.
Carol 7.
Verse. Moderato.

mf Now lift the car - ol, men and maids, Now wake ex - ult - ant

sing-ing; This day the WELL of Life firstsprang, Who shall de-clare His

spring-ing? It is the Birth-day of our Peace; This day for man the

wea-ry, The Ev-er-last-ing Son of God Was born of bless-ed Ma-ry.
He was not born in such sweet days,  
As we of yore remember;  
'Twas not the sunny summer time,  
Oh! 'twas the cold December:  
As shines the sun above the snows  
When nature's life is lying  
Fast bound in winter's icy chain,  
So came He to the dying.

He did not bring a royal train,  
A host no man might number,  
Nor lay begirt by damask folds,  
Nor lulled by harp to slumber.

Oh, He was wrapped in swathing bands  
Whose might o'erspans the heaven,  
And that mean trough were oxen fed,  
For His first rest was given.

There were poor Shepherds in the field,  
Their flocks at midnight tending;  
Then Heaven came down and brought  
for news,  
A rapture never ending;  
So they went swift to Bethlehem,  
And saw—and told the story  
Of Christ the Lord, a little Child,  
And Angels singing "Glory."

Not in the manger lies He now;  
Far o'er the sapphire portal  
At God's right Hand of Power He sits  
Who was this day made mortal:  
All in the highest, holiest place,  
Where there may dwell none other,  
There our own Manhood sits enthroned,  
There is our Elder Brother.

The Birthday of our God and King—  
Lo! we are called to greet Him;  
The Everlasting Bridegroom comes,  
Oh, go ye out to meet Him.  
This is the end of all below,  
The crown of Love's best story;  
Christ stands and knocks—oh, happy souls,  
Receive the King of Glory.

Noel, Noel, &c.
This Day a Child is born, Offspring of God's pure love, ... True Word, the Ever-

Chorus.

LAST-ING, And Wisdom from above! Noel, Noel, Noel! All through the Day we

sing... To greet the loving Saviour, Our Prophet, Priest, and King.

mf This Day is Jesus born,
Made Flesh the Son of Man,
Who erst did reign in glory,
Before the world began!

f Noel, &c.

mf This Day a Child is born,
Creator, King, and Lord,—
In Majesty all glorious,
By Heaven and earth adored

f Noel, &c.

mf This Day the Light has come,
Bright Beam of Peace and Love,—
Way, Truth, and Life, sure Guidance,
To our blest Home above!

f Noel, &c.

mf This Day the Shepherd came
To Shepherds in the field,
dim That we, His Sheep, might find Him,
And He to death might yield.

f Noel, &c.

mf One Day our Judge will come,
And all shall hear His Voice,—
That Day, Sweet Jesus, bid us,
With all Thy Sheep, rejoice!

f Noel, &c.
Carol 9.

Christmas Carols.

Let Heaven and earth rejoice and sing, Salute this happy Morn;

The Saviour Which is Christ, our King, And on this Day was born, The

Saviour Which is Christ, our King, And on this Day was born.

Come let us join our hearts to God, And thus exalt His Fame;
Wise Men and Kings rich gifts did bring To Bethlehem straightway;

O Lord, to Thee all Glory be, Whom Heaven and earth adore,
For our Redeemer we will praise This Day and Evermore.
Christmas Carols.

Carol 10. (First Tune.)

Verse.

mf God rest you, mer - ry gen - tle - men, Let no - thing you dis -

-may, ... For Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour Was born up - on this day, To save us all from

Satan's power, When we were gone a - stray;
In Bethlehem, in Jewry,
This Blessed Babe was born,
And laid within a Manger,
Upon this happy Morn;
The which His Mother Mary
Did nothing take in scorn.

The Shepherds at those Tidings
Did much rejoice in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding,
In tempest, storm, and wind,
And went to Bethlehem straightway,
This Blessed Babe to find.

But when to Bethlehem they came,
Where our dear Saviour lay,
They found Him in a Manger,
Where oxen feed on hay;
His Mother Mary kneeling,
Unto the Lord did pray.

Now to our God sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Adore our Saviour's Grace;
This Holy Tide of Christmas
All others doth deface.
Carol 10. (Second Tune.)

Verse.

mf God rest you, mer-ry gen-tle-men, Let no-thing you dis-may;

Re-mem-ber Christ our Sav-iour Was born on Christ-mas Day,

To save poor souls from Sa-tan's power, Who long had gone a-stray.

Chorus.

f O Ti-dings, O Ti-dings of peace and of joy,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour Was born on Christmas Day.

mf In Bethlehem, in Jewry,  
This Blessed Babe was born,  
And laid within a Manger,  
Upon this happy Morn;  
The which His Mother Mary  
Did nothing take in scorn.

f The Shepherds at those Tidings  
Did much rejoice in mind,  
And left their flocks a-feeding,  
In tempest, storm, or wind,  
And went straightway to Bethlehem,  
This Blessed Babe to find.

O Tidings, &c.

mf From God our Heavenly Father,  
A holy Angel came,  
And unto certain Shepherds brought  
Glad Tidings of the same,  
How that in Bethlehem was born  
The Son of God by Name.

O Tidings, &c.

mf But when to Bethlehem they came,  
Where our dear Saviour lay,  
They found Him in a Manger,  
Where oxen feed on hay;  
His Mother Mary kneeling,  
Unto the Lord did pray.

O Tidings, &c.

mf "Fear not," then said the Angel,  
"Let nothing you affright.  
This Day is born the Saviour  
Of a pure Virgin bright,  
To free all those who trust in Him  
From Satan’s power and might."

f O Tidings, &c.

f Now to our God sing praises,  
All you within this place,  
And with true love and brotherhood  
Adore our Saviour's Grace;—  
This holy Tide of Christmas  
All others doth deface.

O Tidings, &c.
Carol 11.

Verse. Not too fast.

mf The Cedar of Lebanon Plant of renown, Hath

bowed to the hys-sop His wide spreading Crown, The Son of the

High-est, an In-fant, is laid On the breast of His Mo-ther, that

low-li-est Maid. f All Glo-ry to God in the High-est we

Chorus.
From the Star of the Sea the glad Sunlight hath shined,
Springs the Lion of Judah from Naphtali's Hind,
The Life from the dying, the Rose from the thorn,
The Maker of all things of Maiden is born.

All glory, &c.

The manger of Bethlehem opens once more
The gates of that Eden where man dwelt of yore,
And He Who is lying, a Child, in the Cave,
Hath conquered the foeman, hath ransomed the slave.

All glory, &c.

In the midst of the Garden the Tree of Life stands,
And offers His twelve fruits to lips and to hands,
For the Lord of Salvation, the Gentiles' Desire,
Hath ta'en from the Cherubs their sword-blade of fire.

All glory, &c.

On the hole of the aspic the sucking Child plays,
And His Hand on the den of the cockatrice lays,
And the Dragon, which over a fallen world reigned,
By the Seed of the Woman is vanquished and chained.

All glory, &c.

To Him Who hath loved us, and sent us His Son,
To Him Who the Victory for us hath won,
To Him Who sheds on us His Sevenfold rays,
Be Honour and Glory, Salvation and Praise.

All glory, &c.
Christmas Carols.

Carol 12.

mf I sing the Birth was born to-night, The Author both of

Life and Light, The Angels so did sound it: And like the ravished

Shepherds said, Who saw the Light, and were afraid, Yet
searched, and true they found it, Yet searched and true they found it.

*mf* The Son of God, the Eternal King,
That did us all salvation bring,
And freed the soul from danger;
He Whom the whole world could not take,
The Word, Which Heaven and earth did make,
*dim* Was now laid in a manger.

*mf* The Father's wisdom willed it so,
The Son's obedience knew no No,
Both wills were in one stature;
And as that wisdom had decreed,
*dim* The Word was now made Flesh indeed,
And took on Him our nature.

*mf* What comfort by Him do we win,
Who made Himself the price of sin,
To make us heirs of Glory!
To see this Babe, all innocence,
A Martyr born in our defence:—
*f* Can man forget the story?
Christmas Carols.

Carol 13.

mf Christians, car ol sweet ly, Up to day and sing!

'Tis the hap py birth day Of our Ho ly King:

Haste we then to greet Him, Hum bly fall ing down,
While our hands entwine Him, Dear-est Babe, a crown.

Crowds of snow-white Angels
Throng the golden stair;
All things are delightful,
All things passing fair:
Bells, clear music making,
Peal the news to earth;
Chimes within make answer,
All is glee and mirth.

Michael, at the manger,
Bows his royal face;
Gabriel, with lily,
Hides transcendent Grace:
For, dear friends, the Glory
Of that lowly bed
Overpowers the beauty
On Archangels shed.

Shall I tell of Joseph,
Who, with rapt surprise,
Sees the light from Godhead,
Fill those infant eyes?
Shall I sing of Mary,
Who, upon her breast,
Cradles her Creator,
Soothes Him to His rest?

Angels, Mary, Joseph,
Yes, I greet you all!
Falling down in worship
At the manger stall!
For you hail our Monarch,
Born a Child to-day;
So, with you I worship,
And my homage pay.
Blithely from the moated church-yard
Ring the clear-voiced bells this morn;
While across the wav'y landscape,
Far away the mists are borne.

Pass away, ye
clouds of sadness, Every selfish care depart;

Grateful thoughts, and thoughts of gladness, Ring from every Christian heart.

Brightly in the holy chancel
Leafy circles intertwine,
Telling how in Blessed Jesus
Life and strength and joy combine.
As beneath the arch we enter
Welcome words our coming bless,
For in Thee our hopes we centre,
Christ, "the Lord our Righteousness."

In the nave each space is speaking
Of the light which Jesus brought,
Of the freedom and the glory
Which for all the world He wrought.
Wherefore, O ye congregation,
Should your hearts be cold and dumb,
While the walls proclaim Salvation,
And, "Arise, thy Light is come."

Listen to the old new message,
At the Holy Table kneel;
Grudge not, when ye leave the Temple,
To diffuse the warmth ye feel.
Life has time enough for sadness,
Clouds too seldom pass away;
Only love and peace and gladness
Should be named on Christmas Day.
Christmas Carols.

Carol 15.

mf The Holly and the Ivy Now both are full well grown;... Of all the trees that are in the wood, The Holly bears the Crown... The Holly bears a blossom As white as lily
To be our sweet Sav-iour, To be our sweet Sav-iour.

mf The Holly bears a berry
As red as any blood;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To do poor sinners good.
The Holly bears a prickle
As sharp as any thorn;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
On Christmas Day in the morn.

mf The Holly bears a bark
As bitter as any gall;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
For to redeem us all.
cr The Holly and the Ivy
Now both are full well grown;
Of all the trees that are in the wood
f The Holly bears the crown.
Christmas Carols.

Carol 16.

Not too fast.

Now-ell, Now-ell, Now-ell, Now-ell, Glory,

High-est is ring-ing, Clear from a-far... it is

e-cho-ing still, Glory to God, for the

An-gels are sing-ing... p Peace up-on earth to the
men of good will. Now-ell, Now-ell, Now-ell, Now-

Last verse to finish thus. dim.

Each verse to follow without pause, from *-ell, Now-ell, Now-ell, Now-ell, Now-ell, Now-ell.

f  Glory to God, as the Prophets foretold it,
    Over the ages the Promise was cast;
    Paradise heard it, and now we behold it,
    Seed of the Woman, we hail Thee at last.

f  Glory to God, for as dews of the morning,
    Songs of Thy Birthday are filling the air;
    Shepherds of Bethlehem give us the warning,
    Child of the Virgin, we welcome Thee there!

f  Glory to God, let the glad exultations
    Sound through the world, bringing peace to the wise,
    Joy for all people—Desire of the nations!—
    Echo the tidings in songs to the skies!

ff  We too, with Shepherd and Magi and Angel,
    Prostrate before Thee our homage would bring;
    Hail Thee the Saviour, the Christ, the Emmanuel,
    Own Thee our Prophet, our Priest, and our King.
Carol 17.

_Hark! the Herald Angels sing_ Glory to the New-born King

_Peace on earth and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled._

_Joyful, all ye nations, rise, Join the triumph of the skies;_  

_With th' Angelic Host proclaim Christ is born in Bethlehem._
Hark! the Herald Angels sing Glory to the New-born King.

mf Christ, by highest Heaven adored,
    Christ, the Everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,

p Offspring of a Virgin’s womb.
    Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail, the Incarnate Deity!
    Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.

f Hark! the Herald Angels sing
Glory to the New-born King.

mf Hail, the Heaven-born Prince of Peace,
    Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His Wings.

p Now He lays His Glory by,
cr Born that man no more may die,
    Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them Second Birth.

ff Hark! the Herald Angels sing
Glory to the New-born King.
Hark! hark! what News the Angels bring, Glad Tidings of the New-born King, the New-born King,—Born of a Maiden undefiled, Meet Mother of the Heavenly Child, the Heavenly Child.

Hail! Blessed Virgin, full of Grace, Most favoured of our mortal race; Whose sacred womb brought forth in one, A Saviour, God, and Holy Son!

Lo, in that Manger where He lies Our faith discerns a Sacrifice; And by His Birth may all men see The pattern of humility.

Man that was made from dust by God, Had Paradise for his abode! But in a Manger at His Birth, [earth. Lies God Who made the Heaven and

Therefore, my God, my Saviour, King, Thy praises I will ever sing, In joyful Carols raise my voice,

And in the Praise of God rejoice.
Carol 19.

Christmas Carols.

Verse.

\[\text{p} \quad \text{Gently falls the winter snow, Earth lies silently below,} \]

\[\text{cr} \quad \text{While the tender Plant appears, Promis'd long by holy Seers.} \]

Chorus.

\[\text{ff} \quad \text{Hail the ever blessed morn, Hail the day that Christ was born;} \]

\[\text{Tell it thro' Jerusalem, Christ is born in Bethlehem.} \]

\[\text{He Who built the starry skies} \]
\[\text{Low within a manger lies,} \]
\[\text{Stooping from His Throne sublime} \]
\[\text{High above the Cherubim.} \]

\[\text{ff} \quad \text{Hail, &c.} \]

\[\text{mf} \quad \text{Say, ye wond'ring Shepherds, say,} \]
\[\text{What your joyful news to-day;} \]
\[\text{Wherefore have ye left your sheep? -} \]
\[\text{Wherefore fail your watch to keep?} \]

\[\text{ff} \quad \text{Hail, &c.} \]

\[\text{p} \quad \text{As we watched at dead of night} \]
\[\text{Lo! we saw a wondrous sight,—} \]
\[\text{Angels singing Peace on earth,} \]
\[\text{Telling of the Saviour's Birth.} \]

\[\text{ff} \quad \text{Hail, &c.} \]

\[\text{mf} \quad \text{Haste we now to greet God's Child,} \]
\[\text{Watch His Face so meek and mild;} \]
\[\text{Learn the Love of Heaven to see} \]
\[\text{In our Lord's Humility.} \]

\[\text{ff} \quad \text{Hail, &c.} \]
While Shep-herds watched their flocks . . . . by

the ground,

The An- gel of the Lord came down, The

An- gel of the Lord came down, cr And
Lord came down, And glory shone around.

Fear not," said he, (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;)
Glad Tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

To you in David's town this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:

All Glory be to God on High,
And to the earth be Peace;
Goodwill, henceforth, from Heaven to men,
Begin and never cease."
Carol 21.

VERSE.

A Virgin most pure, as the Prophets do tell,

Hath brought forth a Babe, as it hath her be-fell,

To be our Redeemer from death, hell, and

sin, Which Adam's transgression hath wrapt us all in.
In Bethlehem City, in Jewry it was,
Where Joseph and Mary together did pass,
And there to be taxed, with many one mo',
For Cæsar commanded the same should be so.  \[Chorus.\]
Rejoice and be merry, set sorrow a-side, Christ Jesus, our Saviour, was born at this Tide.

But when they had entered the city so far,
The number of people so mighty was there,
That Joseph and Mary, whose substance was small,
Could get in the city no lodging at all.

Then they were constrained in a stable to lie,
Where oxen and asses they used to tie;
Their lodging so simple, they held it no scorn,
But 'gainst the next morning our Saviour was born.

The King of all glory to this world was brought,
And small store of linen to wrap Him was wrought;

When Mary had swaddled her young Son so sweet,
Within an ox manger she laid Him to sleep.

Then God sent an Angel from Heaven so high,
To certain poor Shepherds in fields where they lie,
And bid them no longer in sorrow to stay,
Because that our Saviour was born on this day.

Then presently after, the Shepherds did spy
A number of Angels appear in the sky,
Who joyfully talked, and sweetly did sing,
To God be all glory, our Heavenly King.

The Shepherds all glad did to Bethlehem go,
And when they came thither they found it was so:
And three Kings came from far, for they thought it most meet
To lay their rich offerings at Jesus Christ's Feet.
Christmas Carols.

Carol 22.

mf Good Christians all ... with sweet accord, Sing praise to

God ... on High, and with the Mother of our

Lord, f The Saviour magnify, ... The Saviour magnify.

mf He came for us upon this Morn,
Thrice holy time of rest!
Jesus, the King of kings was born
Of Ever Virgin blest.

mf Yet not with gems and gaudy show,
With regal pomp arrayed,—
But in a Manger poor and low,
The Lord of Life was laid.

p And from the Manger to the Cross
The Holy, Undeiled,

pp Endured our sorrow, pain, and loss,
Rejected and reviled.

f Then Carols to the welkin’s ear
Upraise, ye Christians all;—
The Angels tell us Christ is near,

ff In this our Festival.
Christmas Carols.

Carol 23.
Smoothly.

\[
\text{mf I love to hear sweet voices sing, That Day of all the best, When}
\]

\[
\text{earliest in the morn they bring The news of Christmas blest, or And}
\]

\[
\text{far away old echoes ring, As bidding me to rest!}
\]

\[
\text{mf For then with waking thoughts intent}
\]
\[
\text{My soul looks up on high,}
\]
\[
\text{And minglest musing with relent}
\]
\[
\text{As fain 'twould see Christ nigh;}
\]
\[
\text{Hear for itself, ere time be spent,}
\]
\[
\text{dim Peace from the azure sky!}
\]

\[
\text{mf But though no longer in our race}
\]
\[
\text{By flesh the Virgin-born}
\]
\[
\text{Is known to us, yet Jesus' Grace}
\]
\[
\text{Leaves not His Own forlorn;}
\]
\[
\text{or Since now good Christians see His Face}
\]
\[
\text{By faith, on Christmas Morn!}
\]

\[
\text{f Then, come, ye faithful, great and small,}
\]
\[
\text{Come hasten to the sight,}
\]
\[
\text{Where Jesus at our Festival}
\]
\[
\text{Comes down, the shining Light,}
\]
\[
\text{To fill all hearts, who hear His Call,}
\]
\[
\text{With Glory beaming bright!}
\]

39
Carol 24.
Solo, Treble.

mf 0,

Sing we a Carol all blithe and free,
And fit for our Christmas Morn, . . .
For the world is as cold as the
cold can be, Though its Lord on this Day was born, . . .
Though its

Lord on this Day was born: . . . 'Tis a wintry time for the
rich and poor, And who should be driv'n from a Christ-ian's door? 'Tis a

win - try time for the rich and poor, And who should be driv'n from a

Christ-ian's door, And who should be driv'n from a Christ-ian's door?

mf For the Angel’s Song at the Birth of

mf True Sages were they who to Bethle-

mf Cannot we make our offerings now to Christ's Need,

mf Can not we make our offerings now to Christ's Need,

mf For the Angel's Song at the Birth of

mf True Sages were they who to Bethle-

mf Cannot we make our offerings now to Christ's Need,

mf Can not we make our offerings now to Christ's Need,

mf For the Angel's Song at the Birth of

mf True Sages were they who to Bethle-

mf Cannot we make our offerings now to Christ's Need,

mf Can not we make our offerings now to Christ's Need,
Christmas Carols.

Carol 25.

mf Be present, ye faithful, Joyful and triumphant, And hasten, and

hasten to Bethlehem, p He lies in a Manger, The

Monarch of Angels. O come let us adore Him! O come let us adore Him! O come let us adore the Lord with them.
mf Very God of Very God,
Light of Light Eternal;
The Virgin's womb He hath not abhorred;
True God Everlasting,
$p$ Not made but Begotten.
$pp$ O come let us adore Him!
$p$ O come let us adore Him!
$ff$ O come let us adore Him, Christ, the Lord.

$f$ Sing, Chorus of Angels,
Sing, in exultation,
cr Thro' Heaven's wide Court be your praises poured,
$ff$ To God in the Highest,
Be honour and Glory;
$pp$ O come let us adore Him!
$p$ O come let us adore Him!
$ff$ O come let us worship our God and Lord.

$mf$ Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy Morning!
For ever, O Christ, be Thy Name adored,
True Word of the Father,
Late in flesh appearing.
$pp$ O come let us adore Him!
$p$ O come let us adore Him!
$ff$ O come let us worship our God and Lord.
Carol 26.

Christmas Carols.

Tempo ordinario.

As Joseph was a walking, he heard an Angel sing; His song was of the Coming of Christ, our Saviour King.

The good man, long dejected, had knelt to Him Who hears; The blest refrain now swelling, removes his doubts and fears.
“Be not afraid when hearing the Choirs Seraphic sing;
This Night shall be the Birthtide of Christ the Heavenly King:

He neither shall in houesen be born, nor yet in hall;
Nor bed, nor downy pillow, but in an oxen stall.

“He neither shall be clothed in purple nor in pall,
But in the fair white linen that usen babies all.
He neither shall be rocked in silver nor in gold;
But in a wooden Manger, that resteth on the mould.”

As Joseph was a walking, thus did an Angel sing;
At night the Mother-maiden gave birth to Christ our King.
The Blessed Virgin wrapped Him from nightly winds, so wild;
The lowly Manger held Him Her wondrous Holy Child.

And marshalled on the mountain, the Angels raise their Song;
The Shepherds hear the story in anthems clear and strong.
The Herald-hymn obeying, nor loth, nor yet afraid,
They seek the lowly dwelling, and there the Child is laid!

Then be ye glad, good people, this Night of all the year;
And light ye up your candles, His Star it shineth near.
And all in earth and Heaven, our Christmas Carol sing:
Goodwill, and Peace, and Glory! and all the bells shall ring.
Let us now go to Bethlehem, To see the wondrous thing—

Mary and Joseph and with them The Babe, our Infant King!

Bright Stars above shine on, To light our speedy way, While

Angels sweetly carol in The Blessed Christmas Day.
mf Let us now go to Bethlehem,
   To see the wondrous thing,—
   Mary and Joseph and with them
   The Babe, our Infant King!
   For we shall find on earth
   The Heaven of Heavens in Him,
   The Holy, Holy, Holy Son,
   Beneath* the Cherubim.

mf Let us now go to Bethlehem,
   To see the wondrous thing,—
   Mary and Joseph and with them
   The Babe, our Infant King;—

   His Father's Glory come
   To lift our hearts above.
   First loved by Him and Angel Hosts

f   We carol back His Love.

mf Let us then go to Bethlehem,—
   Faith's Star shall guide the way
   To Jesus cradled in His Church,
   This bright Appearing Day!

   There, Light's true Light to Thee
   We sing with glad accord.

ff   For meet it is to celebrate
   Thy Birthday, Jesus Lord!

* "Lower than the Angels awhile."—Heb. ii. 19.
The Wise Men saw a light afar Shine out on Christmas morning,
And taught by faith they hailed the Star Of Christ on Christmas morning. Then journey'd they, those
Princes three, or On Christmas in the morning, f To David's
Whom did ye see, ye Shepherds, say,
On Christmas in the morning?
Whose voice heard ye, this peaceful Day;
Sweet singing in the morning?—
We heard their Carols in the sky,
On Christmas in the morning;
And saw the Angel Host on High
In robes of light, this morning!

And Whom see ye, good Christians all,
On Christmas in the morning?
Whose voice hear we, this Festival,
In tones of love and warning?—
We hear the Church, our Mother dear,
On Christmas in the morning;
And see Her Spouse for faith sees clear,
The Incarnate Word, this morning.

Then lift ye up your hearts aright,
This Eucharistic morning!
Come, come, where Altars beam with light,
And choirs sing sweet, this morning:
Glory to God, to God our King,
On Christmas in the morning!
Peace, Peace, let all good people sing,
Goodwill to men, this morning!
mf The flocks were wrapp'd in slumber all along the dewy ground, The

Shepherds lay in silence keeping watch on all around. They

little thought such sight to see before their watch should cease, Now
\textit{mf} The Angel of the Lord came down in floods of dazzling light, 
Above the brightness of the Sun when he goes forth with might; 
His voice, it was so wondrous sweet, it made their hearts to thrill; 
\textit{f} Now Glory be to God on High, and unto men Goodwill.

\textit{mf} Fear not, he said, I bring glad news; in David's town this Morn, 
To you and all the world a Saviour, Christ the Lord, is born, 
This day is born the Saviour Christ, to save us from all ill; 
\textit{f} Now glory be to God on High, and unto men Goodwill.

\textit{mf} Then opened Heaven's Chancel, while the Shepherds gazed in fear, 
\textit{cr} Out trooped the Choir of Angels; oh, the blessedness to hear! 
\textit{ff} And loud they sang as though the Heavens were not enough to fill; 
Now Glory be to God on High, and unto men Goodwill.

\textit{f} Oh, praise the Lord of Hosts Who sent His Singers sweet that night, 
From the Holy place of Heaven, from the Choir that needs no light; 
\textit{mf} Let love this holy Season keep, let strife and turmoil cease, 
\textit{ff} And Glory be to God on High, (\textit{pp}) and on the earth be Peace.
Carol 30.

**Christmas Carols.**

Bright Angel Hosts . . are heard on High
All sweetly sing-ing

o'er the plains; cr While mountains echo in re-

ply f The burden of . . . their joy-ous strains.

Say, Shepherds, why this Jubilee, mf Come, come, to Bethlehem, come and see
What doth your rapturous mirth prolong? [sing;
The Child Whose Birth the Angels
Say, say, what may the Tidings be p Come, come, adore on bended knee
Say, Saints and Angels lend their aid The Infant Christ, The New-born King!
Which still inspire that Heavenly Song? p See there within a Manger laid
Jesus, the Lord of Heaven and Earth!
cr See, Saints and Angels lend their aid
f To celebrate the Saviour's Birth!

52
Hark! the music of the Cherubs, Bursting suddenly from the sky; And a band of flaming Seraphs Telling wonders from on High, and a band of flaming Seraphs ff Telling wonders from on High.

mf See affrighted Shepherds gazing
On the bright celestial Host;
Whilst the dazzling light is blazing—
And they lie in wonder lost.

mf Cease your fears—a joyful story,—
Unto you is born a Child,—

cr Lo, He comes, the King of Glory,
God to man is reconciled.

p Yes, He leaves His blissful Station,
And descends with man to dwell;

cr Praise Him in His Incarnation,

f He subdues the power of Hell.
mf Christians, awake, Salute the happy Morn, or Whereon the

SAVIOUR of man-kind was born; Rise to adore the mystery of love,

Which Hosts of Angels chant-ed from above; With them the joyful

Tidings first begun Of God Incarnate and the Virgin's Son.
Then to the watchful Shepherds it was told,
Who heard the Angelic Herald’s voice, “Behold,
I bring good Tidings of a Saviour’s Birth
To you and all the nations of the earth;
This Day hath God fulfilled His promised Word,
This Day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord,”

He spake; and straightway the Celestial Choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire;
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And Heaven’s whole orb with Alleluias rang;
God’s highest Glory was their Anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men Good-will.

To Bethlehem straight the enlightened Shepherds ran,
To see the wonders God had wrought for man;
Then to their flocks, still praising God, return,
And their glad hearts with holy rapture burn;
To all the joyful Tidings they proclaim,
The first Apostles of the Saviour’s Name.

Oh! may we keep and ponder in our mind
God’s wondrous Love in saving lost mankind;
Trace we the Babe, Who hath retrieved our loss,
From the poor Manger to the bitter Cross;
Tread in His steps, assisted by His Grace,
Till man’s first Heavenly state again takes place.

Then may we hope, the Angelic Hosts among,
To join, redeemed, a glad triumphant Throng:
He that was born upon this joyful Day
Around us all His Glory shall display:
Saved by His Love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to Heaven’s Almighty King.
Carol 33.

Smoothly

mf What notes shall suit the Song Divine, That

o'er the fields of Palestine, The wondering Shepherd hears?

p When, 'mid the gloom of wintry night, When, 'mid the gloom of

wintry night, or A sudden burst of Heavenly light, A
A sudden burst of Heavenly light! O'er the still scene appears!

\[\text{\textit{mf}} \text{ A Glory thus transcending far}\\ \text{\textit{dim}} \text{The full-orbed moon and brightest star}\\ \text{First fills their hearts with fear;}\\ \text{\textit{cr}} \text{ But soon the Angel's soothing voice,}\\ \text{In strains that bid the earth rejoice,}\\ \text{\textit{f}} \text{ Salutes the raptured ear.}\\

\"To you, this Day, a Saviour's born!\\ Go, seek Him at the rising morn;\\ For, found in humblest guise,\\ In Bethlehem's walls, of David's race,\\ A mean, but Heaven-protected place,\\ The Glorious Infant lies.\"\\

When now the voice of soothing sound\\ Has ceased, and silence reigns around;\\ Fresh on the listening ear,\\ Breaks forth a new and rapturous song,\\ And suddenly a shining Throng—\\ The Angelic Choirs appear!\\

Hark! how the starry arches ring!\\ Glory to God on High, they sing;\\ And, to the sorrowing earth,\\ Peace and Goodwill from Heaven they bear;\\ And in Seraphic strains declare\\ The Immortal Saviour's Birth.
Christmas Carols.

Carol 34.

It came upon the midnight clear, That glorious song of old, From Angels bending near the earth With news of joy foretold,— "Peace on the earth, goodwill to men, From Heaven's all gracious King." The world in solemn silence lay To hear the Angels
Still through the cloven skies they come,
Love's banner all unfurled;
And gladsome, too, their music floats
O'er all the busy world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
Old echoes plaintive ring,
For ever 'er its Babel sounds
The blessed Angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the Angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man at war with man hears not
The love-song which they bring;
Oh! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the Angels sing.

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the arduous way
With painful steps and slow;
Look now! for glad and joyous hours
God's messengers will bring;
Oh! rest beside the weary road,
And hear the Angels sing.
Carol 35.

Moderato.

mf Shepherds, rejoice, lift up your eyes,

And drive all fears away, And drive all fears away;

or News! from the region of the skies, News! from the region

of the skies! News! from ... the region
mf Jesus, the God Whom Angels fear,
   Comes down to dwell with you;
cr To-day He makes His Entrance here,
dim But not as Monarchs do!

p Go, Shepherds, where the Infant lies,
   And see His humble Throne;—
pp With tears of joy in all your eyes,
   Go, Shepherds; “Kiss the Son!”

f Glory to God, Who reigns above,
p Let Peace surround the earth;
f Mortals shall know their Maker’s Love,
   At their Redeemer’s Birth.
Carol 36.

Last night I lay me down to sleep, When all my prayers were said,

My guardian Angel round did keep His watch about my head.

I heard his sweet voice caroling, Full softly on my ear,

A song for Christian boys to sing, For Christian men to hear,
Thy body rest in slumber, child,
Thy soul be free from sin!
Thy Angel near and undefiled,
Breathes all pure thoughts within.
The holy Christmas Tide is nigh,
The Season of Christ's Birth;
All Glory be to God on High,
And Peace to men on earth!

For I and all the Heavenly Host
Were keeping watch of old,
And saw the Shepherds at their post,
And all the sheep in fold.
Then told we with a joyful cry,
The Tidings of Christ's Birth;
All Glory be to God on High,
And Peace to men on earth!

He bowed to all His Father's Will,
The Lowly and the Meek;
And year by year His Thoughts were still,
Lost sinners for to seek.
But ever from His Birth
Gave Glory unto God on High,
And Peace to men on earth.

Like Him be true, like Him be pure,
Like Him be full of love;
Seek not thine own, and so secure
Thine own that is above,
And still when Christmas Tide draws nigh,
Sing thou of Jesus' Birth;
All Glory be to God on High,
And Peace to men on earth!
Carol 37.

Christmas Carols.

mf High let us swell our tuneful notes, And

join the Angelic Throng, For Angels no such

love have known, To wake a cheerful song.


p Good-will to sinful men is shown,
And Peace on earth is given,
For lo! the Incarnate Saviour comes,
With messages from Heaven.

mf Justice and Grace, with sweet accord,
cr His rising Beams adorn;
f Let Heaven and earth in concert join,
To us a Child is born.

ff Glory to God in highest strains,
In highest worlds be given;
His Will by us on earth be done,
As it is done in Heaven.
Carol 38. Christmas Carols.

VERSE.

mf Hark! the full-voic'd Choir is singing, As the mid-night darkness flies;

Heavenly Angels now are bringing Peaceful Tidings from the skies.

CHORUS.

f Hail, O Jesus! Hail, O Jesus! Sun of Righteousness arise! Sun of Righteousness, arise!

mf Yes, behold the Day of Glory, Dawn at length for all the earth; List, the Cherubs tell the story, "This the Day of Jesus' Birth." Hail, O Jesus! Day-spring from on High, shine forth!

ff Mortals, raise your loudest voices, Jesus lifts on high your horn; Earth redeemed To-day rejoices, For To-day her Lord is born! Hail, O Jesus! Hail, all hail this Sacred Morn!

"I was a Stranger, and ye took Me not in."—S. Matt. xxv. 43.

God, Who make and governs all!

Hail, O Jesus!

Hail Thy glorious festival!

Mortals, raise your loudest voices, Jesus lifts on high your horn; Earth redeemed To-day rejoices, For To-day her Lord is born! Hail, O Jesus! Hail, all hail this Sacred Morn!
Once again, O blessed time, . . Thankful hearts embrace thee;

If we lost thy festal chime, What could e'er replace . . . thee? What could e'er . . . replace thee? Change will darken many a day,

Many a bond dissemble; Many a joy will pass away, But the "Great Joy"
Once again the Holy Night
Breathes its blessing tender;
Once again the Manger Light
Sheds its gentle splendour;

O could tongues by Angels taught
Speak our exultation
In the Virgin’s CHILD that brought
All mankind Salvation!

Welcome Thou to souls athirst,
Fount of endless pleasure;
Gates of hell may do their worst,
While we clasp our Treasure;

Welcome, though an age like this
Puts Thy Name on trial,
And the Truth that makes our bliss
Pleads against denial!

Yea, if others stand apart,
We will press the nearer;
Yea, O best fraternal Heart,
We will hold Thee dearer;

Faithful lips shall answer thus
To all faithless scorning,

"Jesus Christ is God with us,
Born on Christmas morning."

So we yield Thee all we can,
Worship, thanks, and blessing;

Thee true God, and Thee true Man,
On our knees confessing;

While Thy Birthday Morn we greet
With our best devotion,

Bathe us, O most true and sweet!
In Thy Mercy’s ocean.

Thou that once, ’mid stable cold,
Wast in babe-clothes lying,
Thou whose Altar-veils enfold
Power and Life undying,
Thou whose Love bestows a worth
On each poor endeavour;

Have Thou joy of this Thy Birth
In our praise for ever.
Christmas Carols.

Carol 40.

mf Calm on the listening ear of night Come Heaven's melodious strains,

Where wild Judea stretches far Her silver-mantled plains: or Celestial Choirs from courts...above Shed sacred glories there,
And Angels, with their sparkling lyres, Make music on the air. *f* Glory, Glory to God on High!

The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet from all their holy heights
The Day-Spring from on High;

O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves in stately praise
Her silent groves of palm.

*ff* Glory to God on High!

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born; plains
More bright on Bethlehem's joyous
Breaks the first Christmas Morn,

And brighter on Moriah's brow
Crowned with her temple towers;
Proclaiming from that sacred height
Salem's true Light and ours.

*ff* Glory to God on High!

This Day shall Christian tongues be mute?
Shall Christian hearts be cold?
Oh, catch the anthem that from Heaven
O'er Judah's mountains rolled,

When nightly burst from Seraph harps
The high and welcome lay—
"Glory to God! (p) on earth be Peace!"

*ff* Salvation comes to-day!"

*ff* Glory to God on High!
Christmas Carols.

Carol 41.

VERSE. Cantoris only.

mf Hark! what mean those holy voices, Sweetly sounding

from... the skies? Lo! the Angel Host rejoices,

Heavenly Alleluias rise. Hark! what mean those

ho... ly voices, Hark! what mean those ho... ly voices,
Sweetly sounding from the skies? Lo! the Angel Host rejoices,

Heavenly Alleluias rise, Heavenly Alleluias rise.

Decani verse.  f  "Glory in the Highest, Glory,"
Thus they chant their joyful strain;
"Glory in the Highest, Glory,
P Peace on earth, Good-will to men."
Hark, &c.

Cantoris verse.  mf  With their blessed Alleluias,
Hear what wondrous things they tell,
How lost man has now a Saviour,
Born to conquer death and hell.
Hark, &c.

Decani verse.  mf  Born Thy people to deliver,
Jesus! from the death of sin;
Born to make us Thine for ever,—
Still abide our souls within!
Hark, &c.

Cantoris verse.  f  Son of God! Most Holy Jesus!
Endless Glory be to Thee;
To the Father and the Spirit,
Now and through Eternity.
Hark, &c.
Carol 42.

VERSE.

As on the night before this happy Morn, A blessed Angel

unto Shep-herds told, Where in a stable He was poorly born,

Whom nor the earth nor Heav'n of Heav'n can hold. Thro' Bethl'em rung this News at

their return; Yea, Angels sung that God with us was born; And they made
mirth because we should not mourn, And they made mirth because we

Chorus.

should not mourn. Their Angel carols sing we then;

To God on High all Glory be, For

Peace on earth bestoweth He, And sheweth favour unto men.

mf This favour Christ vouchsafed for our sake;
dim To buy us Thrones, He in a Manger lay;
Our weakness took, that we His Strength might take,

pp And was disrobed, that He might us array;
Our flesh He wore, our sins to wear away;
Our curse He bore, that we escape it may;
And wept for us that we might sing for aye.

cr With Angels, therefore, sing again;
ff To God on High all Glory be,
p For Peace on earth bestoweth He,
And sheweth favour unto men.

73
Christmas Carols.

Carol 43.

Like silver lamps in a distant shrine, The

stars are all sparkling bright; The bells of the City of

God ring out, For the Son of Mary was born tonight; The

gloom is past, and the Morn at last Is coming with orient Light.
mf *Never* fell melodies half so sweet
   As those which are filling the skies;
*f* And never a Palace shone half so fair,
   As the Manger-bed where our Saviour lies
No night in the year is half so dear
   As this, which has ended our sighs.

mf *Now* a new Power has come on the earth,
   A match for the armies of hell:
   \[\begin{array}{c|cccc}
   &  &  &  &  \\
   \hline
   & \text{f} & \text{f} & \text{f} & \text{f}
   \end{array}\]
*f* A Child is born Who shall conquer the foe,
   And all the spirits of wickedness quell:
For Mary’s Son is the Mighty One
   Whom the Prophets of God foretell.

mf The stars of heaven still shine as at first
   They gleamed on this wonderful night;
*f* The bells of the City of God peal out,
   And the Angels’ song *still* rings in the height;
   And love still turns where the Godhead burns,
*dim* Veiled in Flesh from fleshly sight.

mf Faith sees no longer the stable floor,
   The pavement of sapphire is there;
*f* The clear light of Heaven streams out to the world;
   And Angels of God are crowding the air;
*dim* And Heav’n and earth, through the Spotless Birth,
   Are at peace on this night so fair.

Verses 2, 3, and 5 begin on the second chord, *i.e.* at the beginning of the bar. Mono-syllables in italics should be sung to two notes, and di-syllables to one note or two notes slurred. See Treble part, Edition E or F.
Carol 44.

Christmas Carols.

The snow lay deep upon the ground, The stars above shone bright.

Jesus' Birth For us on Christmas night,

When Angels sang Christ Jesus' Birth For us on
mf 'Twas Blessed Mary, daughter pure
Of Saintly mother Anne,
That brought into this sinful world
  The Saviour God made Man.

\[p\] She laid Him lowly in the stall
  At ancient Bethlehem;
  And ox and ass did also share
  The humble roof with them.

mf And Joseph, Mary's holy Spouse
  Was near to tend the Child,—
  And dutively protect from harm
  The Virgin Mother mild.

mf The Angels hovered round the place,
  And sang the Heavenly Song—
  O come ye, come ye, and adore
  The Saviour promised long.

\[p\] And now, behold, that Manger poor
\[cr\] Henceforth becomes a Throne;
  For He Whom Blessed Mary bore
  \[f\] Was Jesus God's Own Son!

\[f\] O come, then, Christians, let us join
  The bright and Heavenly Host,
  And sing the praise of Father, Son,
  And of the Holy Ghost.
Carol 45.

Christmas Carols.

This is the salvation of the Angel Gabriel. Or Tidings true I bring to you Sent from the Trinity, By Gabriel to Nazareth, City of Galilee,
Maiden pure and Virgin bright, thro' Her humility,

Shall bear the Second Person Of Blessed Deity.

* Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel!

mf This is the Salutation of the Angel Gabriel.

cr Tidings true I bring to you, ye Shepherds round about,

In Bethlehem the Lord is born, Go, Shepherds Seek Him out!

p Ye there shall find the Holy Child, laid in a Manger poor!

f Go, tell abroad these Tidings; Go, worship and adore.

* Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel!

mf This is the Salutation of the Angel Gabriel.

cr Tidings true I bring to you, with me the Angels sing,

In David's City is the Lord, the Saviour, Christ, the King!

ff Then men and Angels, carol on your loudest praise again,

To God on High all Glory, (pp) and Peace below to men!
Carol 46.

Car - ol, car - ol, Christ - ians, Car - ol joy - ful - ly;

Carol for the com - ing Of Christ's Na - ti - vi -

ty; . . And pray a glad - some Christ - mas, For all good Christian

men, . . Car - ol, car - ol. Christ - ians, For
mf Go ye to the forest,
    Where the myrtles grow,
Where the pine and laurel
    Bend beneath the snow:
Gather them for Jesus;
    Wreathe them for His Shrine;
cr Make His Temple glorious
    With the box and pine.
   ff Carol, carol.

mf Wreathe your Christmas garland,
    Where to Christ we pray;
It shall smell like Carmel
    On our festal day;
Libanus and Sharon
    Shall not greener be,
cr Than our holy chancel
    On Christ's Nativity.
   ff Carol, carol.

mf Carol, carol, Christians,
    Like the Magi now,
Ye must lade your caskets
    With a grateful vow:
Ye must have sweet incense,
    Myrrh, and finest gold,
p At our Christmas Altar,
    Humbly to unfold.
   ff Carol, carol.

f Blow, blow up the trumpet,
    For our solemn Feast;
Gird thine armour, Christian,
    Wear thy vesture, priest!
Go ye to the Altar,
    Pray, with fervour pray,
For Jesus' Second Coming,
    And the Latter Day.
   ff Carol, carol.

mf Give us Grace, oh Saviour,
    To put off in might
Deeds and dreams of darkness,
    For the robes of light!
And to live as lowly
    As Thyself with men;
cr So to rise in glory
    When Thou com'st again!
   ff Carol, carol.
Carol 47.

VERSE. Not too fast.

*mf* Carol, sweetly carol, A Saviour born today;

*ff* Carol, sweetly carol, Till earth's remotest bound

shall

**cr** Bear the joyful Tidings, Oh, bear them far away:

*cr* hear the mighty chorus, And echo back the sound.
Chorus.

Carol, sweetly carol,
As when the Angel throng,
O'er the vales of Judah,
Awake the Heavenly song:

Carol, sweetly carol,
Goodwill, and Peace, and Love,
Glory in the Highest
To God Who reigns above.

Carol, sweetly carol,
The happy Christmas time:
Hark! the bells are pealing
Their merry, merry chime:

Carol, sweetly carol,
Ye shining ones above,
Sing in loudest numbers,
Oh, sing redeeming Love.

Carol, &c.
Christmas Carols.

Carol 48.

p What Child is this, Who, laid to rest, On Mary's lap is

sleeping? . . . or Whom Angels greet with anthems sweet, While

Shepherds watch are keeping? This, this is Christ the King, Whom Shepherds

guard and Angels sing, . . . . . . . Haste, haste to bring Him
Why lies He in such mean estate,
Where ox and ass are feeding?

Good Christian, fear; for sinners here
The silent Word is pleading:

Nail, Spear, shall pierce Him through,
The Cross be borne, for me, for you;

Hail, hail, the Word made Flesh,
The Babe, the Son of Mary!

So bring Him incense, gold, and myrrh,
Come peasant, King, to own Him:
The King of kings Salvation brings,

Let loving hearts enthrone Him.
Raise, raise the song on high,
The Virgin sings her lullaby:

Joy, joy, for Christ is born,
The Babe, the Son of Mary!

laut, The Babe, the Babe, the Son of Mary!
Carol 49. Christmas Carols.

*mf* Lo! unto us... a Child is born, The Lord of Life and Love! To call us all this Christmas Morn, To
call us all this Christmas Morn, To happiness above, To
happiness above, *f* To happiness, To happiness above.

Glory to God, in Highest Heaven,
To men of good-will Peace,—
The Angel said,—A Son is given,
Whose kingdom shall increase.

Then Carols sing, good Christians all,
With Angel Hosts above,—

For Christ we keep the festival,
And Jesus owns our love.

And thus let all the ransomed earth
Resound with harmony;

For our Redeemer's humble Birth

Laud we the One in Three.
Carol 50.

Christmas Carols.

Shine, happy Star; ye Angels, sing
Glory on High to Christ our King;
Run, Shepherds, leave your nightly care;
See Heaven come down to Bethlehem fair!
Hail! all hail! &c.

Worship, ye Sages of the East,
The King of gods in meanness dressed;
O blessed Maid, smile, and adore
The God thine arms, thy bosom, bore.
Hail! all hail! &c.

Star, Angels, Shepherds, distant Sage,
Thou Virgin, blest of every age,
Restored frame of Heaven and earth,
Joy in your dear Redeemer’s Birth.
Hail! all hail! &c.

87
Christmas Carols.

Carol 51.

Duet—Alto and Tenor (without accompaniment).

\[mf\text{ Rise, wonderimg Shep-herds, rise, Your sheep no more shall stray};\]

Duet—Treble and Bass.

\[mf\text{ Tune your harps to Heaven-ly sound, Tune your harps to Heaven-ly sound, And}\]

Chorus (with accompaniment).

\[hail this hap-py Day. f This is Je-sus' Na-tal Day!\]
This, the chosen happy Morn! or Mortals shout the sacred lay, ... f Hail the Day when Christ was born!

f Joy, joy, to all the world!
This Day no grief appears,
Christ, our Blessed Lord, is come,
To dry up all our tears.
This, &c.

f Glory to God above,
Praise Him with heart and voice;
Now the Gentiles' Light is come,
Let all mankind rejoice!
ff This, &c.
Carol 52.

Recit. Treble. Rather slow.

mf There were Shepherds, abiding in the field, abiding in the field, keeping watch, keeping watch over their flocks by night.

And the Angel said unto them, Fear not, Fear not; for, be
Lively.

-hold, I bring you good Ti-dings, I bring you good Ti-dings, I

bring you good Ti-dings, I bring you good Ti-dings of great joy, I

bring you good Ti-dings, good Ti-dings of great joy, which shall be to
all . . . people. *For unto you is born, is born this Day, in the
City of David, is born a Saviour, a Saviour is born, a
Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall
find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, ye shall find the

Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a Manger.


mf And suddenly or there was with the Angel
Chorus. Moderately fast.

Glorious to God, Glorious to God, Glorious to God in the highest, Glorious to God, Glorious to God,

Glorious to God, Glorious to God, Peace, Peace,
Glo-ry to God, Glo-ry to God in the High-
est, and Peace up-on earth, Good will, Good will ... to-

Peace up-on earth, Good will, Good will to-ward

-ward men... 

Good will to-ward men.

to-ward men, Good will to-ward men.

men, to-ward... men, Good will to-ward... men.
Carol 53.

**Duet. Trebles and Altos.**


> Lord! what a glorious light Streams thro' the air!
Never was sun so bright, Nor morn so fair! Me-thinks it doth ap-
pear Like Glory coming near... Heavenly Music!

Chorus, with spirit.

rall.  

f Great Organ.
Glorious Light! Yet more fearful than the night.

Altos, Tenors, and Basses.

Fear not, Shepherd! for, behold! Better Tidings ne'er were
told!  News I bring you this same Tide, This blessed Morn, To you and

all man-kind be-side, A Saviour's born. Post to Beth-lem,
post a-bout; Post, and seek this In-fant out! this In-fant out!

mf List, Shepherds, list-en, list-en round! Hark! hear you not a sound?

Choir, mf

Flute & Dulciana, & stop. {Swell, Oboe, and Diapason.}

Swell. Choir.
Lord! what a Heavenly air
Beats thro' our ear!

Never was sweeter voice, Nor note so clear! Me-thinks it doth ap-
Chorus, with spirit.

-pear or Like Glo-ry com-ing near. Heavenly Mu-sic! Glor-ious

rall. Great Organ.

Light! Yet more fear-ful than the night.
With these signs you shall begin: In a stable, in an Inn,
You shall find His Mother-maid, Poor-ly friended, And the Babe in
Man-ger laid, Worse at-tend-ed. When you find Him, loud-ly cry,

glory be to God on High! to God on High!
Chorus. f

Glo-ry be to God a-bove! Peace on earth, a-

f

- mongst men love! Death and Hell are now be -
-guiled, God and men are re-con-ciled.

Glory be to God! Alleluia! Glory to
God! Peace! Peace! Peace! on earth be Peace!

Peace! Peace! with men on earth be Peace!
Carol 54. (First Tune.)

Christmas Carols.

mf A shout of mighty triumph Thro' nature's realm is heard, A

shout which calls creation To hail the Incarnate Word. A

way with clouds and darkness! All hail, thrice blessed Morn; Sing

out with joy, ye mortals, ff For Jesus Christ is born!
*mf* Is this, ye holy Shepherds,
   The mighty new-born King?
   This Child, so sweet and gentle,
   Can He such rapture bring?

*cr* O yes! He comes, the Saviour
   Of sinful earth forlorn;

*f* Then shout with joy, ye mortals,

**ff** For Jesus Christ is born!

*mf* The cruel, cruel foeman
   This Child shall overthrow;
   Full soon, the fierce destroyer,
   His Lord's stern might shall know:
   Of all His boasted power
   Soon to be roughly shorn;

*f* Then shout with joy, ye mortals,

**ff** For Jesus Christ is born!

*p* But say, sweet Virgin-mother,
   The Child upon Thy breast,
   Will He receive young children,
   And share with them His rest?

*mf* O yes! He will with glory
   Both old and young adorn;

*f* Then shout with joy, ye mortals,

**ff** For Jesus Christ is born!

*f* Rejoice then, youths and maidens,
   Old men and children, too;

*cr* Lift up your cheerful voices,
   With bliss and rapture true!

**ff** Ring out, ye towers and steeples!
   Blow trumpet, pipe, and horn!
   And shout with joy, ye mortals,

**fff** For Jesus Christ is born!
Carol 54. (Second Tune.)

mf A shout of might-y triumph Through na-ture's realm is heard,

A shout which calls cre-a-tion To hail th' In-car-nate Word.

f A-way with clouds and dark-ness! All hail, thrice bless-ed Morn;

Sing out with joy, ye mor-tals, ff For Je-sus Christ is born!
Is this, ye holy Shepherds,
    The mighty new-born King?
This Child, so sweet and gentle,
    Can He such rapture bring?
O yes! He comes, the Saviour
    Of sinful earth forlorn;
Then shout with joy, ye mortals,
For Jesus Christ is born!

The cruel, cruel foeman
    This Child shall overthrow;
Full soon, the fierce destroyer,
    His Lord's stern might shall know:
Then shout with joy, ye mortals,
For Jesus Christ is born!

But say, sweet Virgin-mother,
    The Child upon Thy breast,
Will He receive young children,
    And share with them His rest?
O yes! He will with glory
    Both old and young adorn;
Then shout with joy, ye mortals,
For Jesus Christ is born!

Rejoice then, youths and maidens,
    Old men and children, too;
Lift up your cheerful voices,
    With bliss and rapture true!
Ring out, ye towers and steeples!
    Blow trumpet, pipe, and horn!
And shout with joy, ye mortals,
For Jesus Christ is born!
Christmas Carols.

Carol 55.

Allegro.

mf Listen, Gentles, to the story Of our God made man to-

-day, p Low-ly lies the Lord of glo-ry In the ox-en's stall on

hay, cr From e-ter-nal splen-dour com-ing, To the win-try world be-

-low, cr From the flow'-ry glades of E-den, To the earth en-tombed in

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snow; From the still and tranquil heaven, ’Midst the howling winds that blow.

mf Lo! the King of Angels bendeth,  
dim Comes and steps below their choirs,  
      Down the ten degrees the shadow  
      On the dial-plate retires.*  

p Lo! for man condemned to perish  
      Jonathan puts off his crown;  
      Lo! he strips himself to furnish  
      David with his princely gown,  
      With his robes the doomed one 'scapeth  
      Safely from the Father's frown.†

p Lo! the Highest is made lowest,  
    Lo! the Almighty is made weak:  
    Lo! the Light of lights, in darkness,  
    Shepherds in a stable seek.  
    Lo! the King becomes the subject:  
    Lo! the One Eternal—born!  
    Lo! Creation's Source—a creature!  
    And the Honoured suffers scorn.  
    Lo! the Sun, to earth declining,  
    Of his golden rays is shorn.

p Wherefore is the High debased?  
  f  But that we may lifted be;  
  p Wherefore comes the Sun among us?  
  f  But that blinded eyes may see.  
  p Wherefore is the King made subject?  
  f  But that we through Him may reign;  
  p Wherefore shines the Light in darkness?  
  f  But to illumine man again,  
  Who so long had crouched imprisoned,  
  Bound by Satan's cruel chain.

* 2 Kings xx. 11. The descent of the shadow on the dial of Ahaz down ten degrees, is a type of the descent of Christ below the nine degrees of angels, “Being made a little lower than the angels.”
† 1 Sam. xviii. 4. Jonathan another type of Christ.
Carol 56

* Choir only, unaccompanied.

\[mf 1. \text{The Word made Flesh, right reverently, The}\]

\[\text{ris - ing of our Sun, we sing, Of Mary born with}\]

\[\text{us to be Em - man - uel our God and King.}\]

\[* Full Choir and Congregation, with Organ Accompoment. \]

\[2. f \text{Good news! the Book of Life's unsealed,}\]

\[p \text{To men on earth His peace He brings,}\]

\[cr \text{Through ages promised, now revealed,}\]

\[\text{He comes with healing on His wings.}\]

\[3.f \text{Then Bethlehem of Israel, The}\]

* The odd verses are to be sung by the Cantors, Quartett, Semi-Choir, or unaccompanied full choir; the even verses by the full choir and congregation, with organ accompaniment.

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no blest ci ty, praise to thee; Known where so e'er the
Church shall tell Of Je sus Christ's Na ti vi ty.

4. p No courtly hall received the Maid, Our King was in a manger laid;
The Mother of the Holy Child, cr A wondrous star above Him smiled.

5. Who with His hands heaven's cur tain spread, p In swad dling clothes doth meek ly rest; Who life on all cre-
a tion shed, p Hangs feebly on a mo ther's breast.

6. p Be present, angel hosts, adore cr Who comes creation to restore,
The world's Creator and your King. f And conquered man to victory bring.
7. \(f\) Now in the Highest round the Throne, Let

"Glory" rise unceasingly, For men and angels

of one home, Joint citizens are made to be.

8. \(mf\) Come, shepherds, leave your flocks awhile,

\(dim\) With flute and pipe your homage pay

\(f\) Mankind with God He comes to-day.

9. \(mf\) From heaven the Eternal boweth down, To

greet by infant lips mankind; And through that Child to
10. *mf* The new-born God exhorts you flee
The world that wanes and waxes old;
An exile here in poverty
He bids you scorn its proffered gold.

11. *mf* If parched and tired on earth's high-ways, Ye
see salvation's living well, And for its waters
thirst, He says, Come hither love, and drink thy fill.

12. *p* When ye with wondering faith adore
The Gentiles' King, on Mother's knee;
When hearts with love are flowing o'er,
Prostrate before His Majesty,

* This may be sung ♩, as in the original.
13. *p Then Mary lifts her Holy Child, With raised hand He makes the sign, *dim Pardoned we bend, and reconciled, *pp His peace is ours, peace all Divine.

14. *mf Creator, Thou Who sought'st this place Of woe, in human form, we pray Make us to see Thee, face to face, Enthroned in Thine eternal day.
Carol 57. Christmas Carols.

Sing ye the songs of praise; Christmas is come!

Cast worldly cares away,

Worship, and homage pay;

Welcome the blessed day, Christmas is come!

This day in Bethlehem Jesus was born!

King of Jerusalem, Jesus was born!

Sun of all righteousness, Shining with blessedness,

Healing our wretchedness, Jesus was born!

Perfect God, perfect man,

Working His gracious plan,

A manger must be His cot,

Other room He had not;

Be humble, sons of men;

Pride ill becomes you when

Never forsake Him,

Your righteousness make Him,

As best model take Him;

Humble was Christ!

Cleanse us from all our sin,

Make our thoughts pure within,

Never forsake Him,

Saviour Divine!

Saviour Divine!

Saviour Divine!

Saviour Divine!

Save through Thy merit,

Give Thy good Spirit,

Let not Thy love depart,

Great Prince of Peace!

Great Prince of Peace!

Great Prince of Peace!

Great Prince of Peace!
Carol 58.

Christmas Carols.

mf Once in royal David's city Stood a lowly cattle shed,

dim Where a Mother laid her Baby In a manger for His bed;

cr Mary was that Mother mild, Jesus Christ her only Child.
He came down to earth from Heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

And through all His wondrous Childhood,
He would honour and obey,
Love and watch the lowly Maiden,
In whose gentle arms He lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good, as He.

For He is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us He grew,
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Fears and smiles like us He knew,
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
For that Child, so dear and gentle,
Is our Lord in Heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone

Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; (cr) but in Heaven,
Set at God's right Hand on High;
When like stars His children crowned,
All in white, shall wait around.
Carol 59.

Christmas Carols.

Up on the snow-clad earth without, The stars are shining bright, As

Heaven had hung out all her lamps To hail our festal night;

For on this night, long years ago, The Blessed Babe was born, The

saints of old were wont to keep Their vigil until morn.
'Twas in the days when far and wide
Men owned the Caesar's sway,
That his decree went forth, that all
A certain tax should pay.
Then from their home in Nazareth's vale,
Obedient to the same,
With Mary, his espoused wife,
The saintly Joseph came.

A stable and a manger, where
The oxen lowed around,
Was all the shelter Bethlehem gave,
The welcome that they found!
Yet blessed among women was
That holy mother-maid,
Who on that night her First-born Son
There in the manger laid.

The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
E'en from His very Birth,
Had not a place to lay His Head,
An outcast in the earth:
And yet we know that little Babe
Was tender to the touch,
And weak as other infants are;
He felt the cold as much!

In swaddling bands she wrapped Him round,
And smoothed His couch of straw,
While unseen Angels watched beside,
In mute, adoring awe.
How softly did they fold their wings
Beneath that star-lit shed,
While eastern Sages from afar
The new-born radiance led!

And thus it is, from age to age,
That as this night comes round,
So sweetly, underneath the moon,
The Christmas carols sound.
Because to us a Child is born,
Our Brother, and our King,
Angels in Heaven, and we on earth,
Our joyful anthems sing.
Carol 60.
Marcato.

Come! ye lofty, come! ye lowly, Let your songs of gladness ring;

In a stable lies the Holy, In a manger rests the King.

See, in Mary's arms repose Christ by highest Heaven adored;

Come! your circle round Him closing, Pious hearts that love the Lord.
mf Come! ye poor, no pomp of station
    Robes the Child your hearts adore;
dim He, the Lord of all salvation,
    Shares your want, is weak and poor.
p Oxen round about, behold them,
    Rafters naked, cold, and bare!
cr See the Shepherds! God has told them
    That the Prince of Life lies there.

mf Come! ye children, blithe and merry,
    This one Child your model make;
    Christmas holly, leaf, and berry,
    All be prized for His dear Sake.
cr Come! ye gentle hearts and tender,
    Come! ye spirits keen and bold,
    All in all your homage render,
    Weak and mighty, young and old.

mf High above a Star is shining,
    And the Wise Men haste from far;
    Come, glad hearts and spirits pining,
    For you all has risen a Star.
cr Let us bring our poor oblations,
    Thanks, and love, and faith, and praise;
    Come, ye people, come, ye nations,
    All in all draw nigh to gaze!

f Hark! the Heaven of heavens is ringing,
    Christ the Lord to man is born;
    Are not all our hearts, too, singing
    Welcome, welcome, Christmas Morn?
    Still the Child, all power possessing,
    Smiles as through the ages past;
dim And the song of Christmas blessing
p Sweetly sinks to rest at last.
Carol 61.

Christmas Carols.

mf Hark! all around the wel-kin rings; Bright Seraphs hail the

Morn That ush-ers in the King of kings This day of Vir-gin

born, This day of Vir-gin born. mf Ye peo-ple on earth, your

voic-es now raise cr To Christ, your Re-deem-er, with car-ols of praise. Al-le-
mf The shining heralds from on high
The joyful tidings bear,
With acclamations down the sky;
And humble shepherds hear.
Ye people, &c.

f Glory to God, (pp) and peace to men,
f The Heavenly chorus sing;
Let earth repeat the sound again,
To hail the new-born King.
Ye people, &c.

mf Hosanna! let all earth and Heaven
Salute this happy Morn;
To-day the promised Child is given,
To us a Son is born.
Ye people, &c.
Be hush'd, ye earth and silver skies, Marveling and astonished be;

Our God for us a Child becomes; And Him by conquering love we see

As captive led to earth today; Whilst all the worlds, and

all the worlds, And all the worlds are His for aye!
At midnight, from a Virgin's womb,
   Jesus, our Brother evermore,
Cometh, like bright and Morning Star,
   His kindling rays o'er earth to pour.
   But who could credit this, to-day,
That all the worlds, and all the worlds,
   And all the worlds are His for aye?

In lowly stable is His throne,
   And ox and ass His courtier band,
   His couch, a bed of straw and reed;
This is the home in Judah's land,
   Which Jesus Christ doth choose to-day.
Though all the worlds, and all the worlds,
   And all the worlds are His for aye.

Hence, lofty pride! your God behold,
   Lowly and meek, in garments sad,
Th' Eternal made a Child of Time,
   Almightyness with weakness clad,
   A vesture which He takes to-day;
While all the worlds, and all the worlds,
   And all the worlds are His for aye.

Ye Shepherds, come with gladsome step,
   Your God and Saviour to adore;
He doth the poor and lowly seek,
   Cherish and love for evermore;
For He is weak and poor to-day,
Though all the worlds, and all the worlds,
   And all the worlds are His for aye!

Noel, Noel, in this sweet feast,
   Noel, Noel, with joy we sing,
   Noel, Noel, to Christ the Lord,
   Noel, to Christ, our Saviour King.
Noel we sing aloud to-day
Through all the world, and all the world,
   For all the worlds are His for aye!

*a Carol should be sung antiphonally, first and last verse full.*
Carol 63.

Allegro, marcato.

1. *Hark! what mean those thrilling voices, Strange-ly sound-ing in the skies; There th'an-ge-l-ic host re-joic-es, or There those Alle-

2. *Let us sing the won-drous sto-ry Of our great Re-deem-er's birth, That the bright-ness of His glo-ry Spread and cov-

3. *Let us sing the won-drous sto-ry Of our great Re-deem-er's -lu-rias rise; Lo! they sing a won-drous sto-ry, Tell-ing of the Sav-iour's birth, That the bright-ness of His glo-ry Spread and cov-

Glo-ry in the high-est, Glo-ry; Glo-ry be to God on high. May we e-ver sing be-fore Him, Glo-ry be to God on high.
2. Peace on earth, good will from Heaven Reaching far as man is found;

Man redeemed and sin forgiven; Hear the golden harps resound.

Christ is born the Great Anointed, Heaven and earth glad welcome sing,

Hail! Lord Christ the God appointed As our Prophet, Priest, and King.
Christmas Carols.

Carol 64.

Slow and mournful.

The blasts of chill December sound
The farewell of the year,
And

night's swift shadows gathering round
O'er-cloud the soul with fear;

Brisk and cheerful.

But rest you well, good Christian men,
Nor be of heart forlorn;

December's darkness brings again
The Light of Christmas Morn.

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The welcome snow at Christmas-tyde
   Falls shining from the skies:
   On village paths and uplands wide
   All holy-white it lies;
It crowns with pearl the oaks and pines,
   And glitters on the thorn;
   But purer is the Light that shines
      On gladsome Christmas Morn.

At Christmas-tyde the gracious moon
   Keeps vigil while we sleep,
   And sheds abroad her light's sweet boon,
   On vale and mountain-steep:
O'er all the slumbering land descends
   Her radiance unshorn;
   But brighter is the Light, good friends,
      That shines on Christmas Morn.

'Twas when the world was waxing old,
   And night on Bethlehem lay,
   The Shepherds saw the heavens unfold
   A light beyond the day;
Such glory ne'er had visited
   A world with sin outworn;
   But yet more glorious Light is shed
      On happy Christmas Morn.

Those shepherds poor, how blest were they
   The Angels' song to hear!
   In manger cradle as He lay,
   To greet their Lord so dear!
The Lord of Heaven's Eternal height
   For us a Child was born;
   And He, the very Light of light,
      Shone forth that Christmas Morn!

Before His Infant smile afar,
   Were driven the hosts of hell;
   And still in souls that Childlike are
   His guardian Love shall dwell:
O then rejoice, good Christian men,
   Nor be of heart forlorn;
December's darkness brings again
      The Light of Christmas Morn.
Carol 65.

Verse—doubled.

\[mf\] An\-gel\ hosts\ in\ bright\ ar\-ray,—Stars\ their\ night-watch\ keep\-ing,—

Earth\-ward\ wend\ their\ si\-lent\ way,\ While\ the\ world\ lies\ sleep\-ing.

\[dim\] Through\ the\ win\-try\ clouds\ they\ glide,\ On\ through\ por\-tal\ hoa\-ry,

\[p\] Where,\ the\ ox\ and\ ass\ be\-side,\ Lies\ the\ Babe\ of\ Glo\-ry.
Chorus.

mf Ring the bells, and sound the horn! Shout with exultation!

mf Hark the news the Angel tells:—
Lo! an Infant Stranger

dim God’s dear Son among you dwells,
Born in Bethlehem’s manger!

cr Bursts a chorus from the sky,
Loud from Heaven’s portal:—

f Glory be to God on High,

pp Peace, goodwill to mortal!

mf Angel spirits earthward led,
With a hope endearing,

cr First to worship, first to spread,
News of Christ’s Appearing!

trace we out your footfalls light,
Praise we Christ in glory,

f Then waft on the tidings bright
Of the Gospel story!

ff Ring the bells, &c.

pp All unseen by mortal eye,
Reverent and lowly;
Prostrate there, they laud on High
Him, the Infant Holy.

cr From their lips celestial rise
Sounds, with joy o’erflowing,
Strains upborne beyond the skies,
Hymns with rapture glowing.

ff Ring the bells, &c.

mf Raphæl, Archangel bright!
On thine errand wending,
Forth again into the night
Mount, the clouds ascending!

Take of that, thy glittering train,
Hosts of light, dear Angel!

dim Then descend where Bethlehem’s plain
Waits thy longed evangel!

ff Ring the bells, &c.
Christmas Carols.

Carol 66.

\[ \textit{p Once in the winter cold, when earth was desolate and wild, The} \]

\[ \textit{cr Angels welcomed at His Birth, The everlasting Child. From} \]

\[ \textit{cres.} \]

\[ \textit{realms of ever-brightening day, And from His throne above, He} \]

\[ \textit{pp} \]

\[ \textit{came with human kind to stay, All lowliness and love.} \]
Then in the manger poor, the beast
   Was present with his Lord;
Then Swains and Pilgrims from the East
   Saw, wondered, and adored.
And I this morn would come with them
   This blessed sight to see;
And to the Babe of Bethlehem
   Bend low the reverent knee.

But I have not—it makes me sigh—
   One offering in my power;
'Tis winter all with me, and I
   Have neither fruit nor flower.
O God, O Brother, let me give
   My worthless self to Thee!
And grant the years which I may live
   May pure and spotless be.

Grant me Thyself, O Saviour kind,
   Thy Spirit undefiled,
That I may be in heart and mind
   As gentle as a child;
That I may tread life's arduous ways
   As Thou Thyself hast trod,
And in the might of prayer and praise,
   Keep ever close to God.

Light of the everlasting Morn,
   Deep through my spirit shine;
There let Thy Presence newly-born,
   Make all my being Thine:
There try me as the silver, try
   And cleanse my soul with care,
Till Thou art able to descry
   Thy faultless Image there.
Carol 67.

Christmas Carols.

The Christmas bells are ringing Peals of joy and gladness; Their merry chime At Noël time Doth banish sadness.

simple and the gentle cr Unite, the strain to raise.

hymn and joyous carol. f The newborn Christ to praise.

mf The bells they seem to utter,—
Ring away all malice,
And each base part
From every heart
In hut or palace!

And love ye all as brethren;
For Christ from Satan's thrall
Was born to-day to save you,
P And breathe good-will to all!

f The Christmas bells are ringing
Gaily in the steep'le;—
For Christ's dear sake,
To prayer awake,
All Christian people!

cr And joyfully your offering
To God's fair Altar bring,
And there the Love Eternal

ff Of Christ your Saviour sing.
p When the crimson sun had set low behind the wintry sea,
On the bright and cold midnight Burst a sound of heavenly glee:

Chorus.

f Gloria in excelsis Deo,

p Where the manger crib is laid,
In the city fair and free,
Hand in hand,
This Shepherd band

f Join with us in welcome song,
Ye who in Christ's Home abide,
Sing the Love
Of God above,
Shown at happy Christmas-tide.

Gloria, &c.

f Gloria, &c.
Carol 69.

VERSE. f With spirit: a grand Processional.

The Son of God goes forth to war, A King-ly Crown to gain; His

blood-red ban-ner streams a-far, Who fol-lows in His train?

p slower, legato, smoothly.

Who best can drink His Cup of woe, Tri-um-phant o-ver pain, Who

pa-tient bears His Cross be-low, He fol-lows in His train.
**Chorus.** *ff* Quicker. *Staccato Il Basso ben marcato.*

The Son of God goes forth to war, A King-ly Crown to gain; His blood-red banner streams a-far, Who follows in His train?

mf The martyr first, whose eagle eye Could pierce beyond the grave, Who saw his Master in the sky, And called on Him to save. Like Him, with pardon on his tongue In midst of mortal pain, He prayed for them that did the wrong; Who follows in his train? *ff* The Son of God, &c.

*f* A glorious band, the chosen few On whom the Spirit came, Twelve valiant Saints, their hope they knew And mocked the Cross and flame. *dim* They met the tyrant’s brandished steel, The lion’s gory mane, *feel:* They bowed their necks, the death to *cr* Who follows in their train? *ff* The Son of God, &c.

mf A noble army, men and boys, The matron and the maid, Around the Saviour’s Throne rejoice, In robes of light arrayed. They climbed the steep ascent of Heaven, Through peril, toil, and pain; O God, to us may grace be given To follow in their train! *ff* The Son of God, &c.

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Lord, with what zeal did Thy first martyr breath Thy blessed Truth, to such as him withstood! With what stout mind embraced he his death,

A holy witness sealing with his blood! The praise is Thine that him so strong didst make, And blest is he, that died for Thy sake.

Unquenched love in him appeared to be, When for his murderous foes he did treat; A piercing eye made bright by faith had he; For he beheld Thee in Thy glory set; And so unmoved his patience he did keep,

He died, as if he had but fallen asleep. Our lukewarm hearts with his hot zeal inflame,

So constant, and so loving let us be; So let us living glorify Thy Name; So let us dying fix our eyes on Thee; And when the sleep of death shall us o'ertake,

With him to Life Eternal us awake!
Carol 71. Saint John the Evangelist.

mf Teach us by his ex-ample, LORD, For whom we ho-nour Thee to-day,

And grant his wit-ness of Thy Word Thy Church en-light-en ev-er may;

And, as be-loved, O CHRIST, ho was, And therefore lean - ed on Thy Breast;

So let us al-so in Thy grace, And on Thy sa-cred Bo-som rest!

mf Into us breathe that Life Divine, 
Whose testi-mon-y he in-tends; 
About us cause Thy Light to shine, 
That which no dark-ness com-prehends: 
And let that Ever Blessed Word 
Which all things did create of nought, 
Anew create us now, O LORD, 
Whose ruin sin hath almost wrought. 

mf Thy holy Faith we do profess, 
Us to Thy Fellow-ship receive; 
Our sins we heart-i-ly confess, 
Thy Pardon therefore let us have; 
And, as to us Thy Servant gives 
Occasion thus to hon-our Thee; 
So also let our words and lives 
As lights and guides to others be
Carol 72. The Holy Innocents.

mf That rage where-of the Psalm doth say, "Why are the Gentiles grown so mad?" Ap-

peared in part upon that day, When Herod slain the Infants had; Yet

as it saith they stormed in vain; Thou many Innocents they slew, For

Christ they purposed to have slain, Who all their counsels overthrew.

mf Thus still vouchsafe Thou to restrain
The tyrants, Lord, pursuing Thee;
Thus let our vast desires be slain,
That Thou mayest living in us be;

So, whilst we shall enjoy our breath,
We of Thy Love our songs will frame,
And with these Innocents, our death
Shall also glorify Thy Name.

mf In type those many died for One;
That One for many more was slain
And what they felt in Act alone,
He did in Will and Act sustain.

Lord, grant that what Thou hast decreed,
In Will and Act we may fulfil;
And though we reach not to the deed,
From us, O Lord, accept the Will.
Carol 73. **The Holy Innocents.**

*(First Tune.)*

\[mf\] The winter sun was setting, The shades of eve were nigh, When

lov-ing Jew-ish mo-thers Thus sang their lul-la-by: \textit{dim O}

\[p\] The darksome night had fallen;

There came a ruthless band;

Each babe on mother's bosom

Was slain by murderous hand.

\textit{dim} Long rest thee, ransomed baby,

In slumber deep!

Within the Arms Eternal

\textit{pp} Sleep! dear one, sleep!

\[p\] The morning sun was rising,

Each mother's heart was torn,

As o'er her slaughtered infant

She waited with grief forlorn:

\textit{dim} God rest thee, murdered baby!

His blessing keep

Both babe and mourning mother!

\textit{p} Sleep! dear one, sleep!

\[p\] Again the night had fallen;

\textit{cr} There came a vision bright;

The babes the \textit{Lamb} all radiant

Followed in robes of white.

\textit{f} Joy for my martyr baby!

No more I weep.

\textit{dim} Till Christ shall bid thee follow,

\textit{p} Sleep! dear one, sleep!

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Carol 73.  The Holy Innocents.

(Second Tune)

Lento, affetuoso—very slow.

mf The winter sun was setting, The shades of eve were nigh, When

lov ing Jew ish mo thers Thus sang their lullaby:

O rest thee, gentle baby! The night stars peep! Hush!

lit- tle birds are si lent; Sleep! dear one, sleep!

p The darksome night had fallen;
  There came a ruthless band;
  Each babe on mother's bosom
  Was slain by murderous hand.

dim Long rest thee, ransomed baby,
  In slumber deep!
Within the Arms Eternal

pp Sleep! dear one, sleep!

p The morning sun was rising;
  Each mother's heart was torn,
  As o'er her slaughtered infant
  She wailed with grief forlorn:

dim God rest thee, murdered baby!
  His ble sing keep
  Both babe and mourning mother!

p Sleep! dear one, sleep!

p Again the night had fallen;
  There came a vision bright;
The babes the Lamb all radiant
  Followed in robes of white.

f Joy for my martyr baby!
  No more I weep.

dim Till Omn ish shall b'd thee follow,

pp Sleep! dear one, sleep!
Carol 74.
Slow, and not too full. Smoothly.

\[
\begin{align*}
&\text{pp Sleep, my Saviour, sleep, On Thy bed of hay, Angels in the span-gled Heaven Sing their gladsome Christmas car-ols Till the dawn of day.}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
&\text{pp Sleep, my Saviour, sleep}
&\text{On Thy bed of hay,}
&\text{cr Ere the mourning Angel cometh}
&\text{To the moonlit olive garden,}
&\text{f Wiping tears away.}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
&\text{pp Sleep, my Saviour, sleep}
&\text{Sweet on Mary’s breast,}
&\text{cr Now the Shepherds kneel adoring,}
&\text{Now the Mother’s heart is joyous,}
&\text{dim Take a happy rest.}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
&\text{pp Sleep, my Saviour, sleep}
&\text{Sweet on Mary’s breast.}
&\text{Crucified, with wounds and bruises}
&\text{cr Bleeding, purple, stained, disfigured,}
&\text{One day Thou wilt rest.}
\end{align*}
\]
Carol 75.

Sleep, Holy Babe! Upon Thy . . . Mother's breast!

Great Lord of earth, and sea, and sky, How sweet to see Thee calmly lie

In such a place of rest! Sleep, Holy Babe!

Thine Angels watch around, All bending low with folded wings,
Before the Incarnate King of kings, In reverent awe profound.

\( p \)  
Sleep, Holy Babe!  
While I with Mary gaze  
In joy upon that Face awhile,  
Upon the loving Infant smile,  
Which there Divinely plays.  
Sleep, Holy Babe!  

\( dim \) Ah! take Thy brief Repose:  
Too quickly will Thy Slumbers break,  
And Thou to lengthened pains awake,  

\( pp \) That death alone shall close.

\( pp \) Then must that Brow  
Its thorny crown receive;  
That Cheek, more lovely than the rose,  
Be drenched with blood, and marred with blows,  
That I thereby may live.  

O Baby Blest!  
Sweet Jesus, hear my cry;  
Forgive the wrong that I have done  
To Thee, in causing Thee, God's Son,  
Upon the Cross to die!

\( p \)  
O Jesu Lord,  
By Thy sweet Childhood's Years,  
Blot out from their terrific page  
My sins of youth and later age  
In these my contrite tears.

\( cr \)  
So may I sing  
Immortal praise to Thee,  
Who, once a Babe of lowly Birth,  

\( f \) Now reignest Lord of Heaven and earth,  
In Trinal Unity.
New Year's Eve or Day.

Carol 76.

mf Remember, life is short, O man, O man!

Remember, O thou man, ere time is spent;

Remember, O thou man, how hope seem'd gone,

And how thy God yet called thee to repent!
Remember Adam’s fall—O man, O man,
Remember Adam’s fall—too deep to tell!
Remember Adam’s fall, when we were all
Cast out of Paradise, on earth to dwell.

Remember God’s great Love—O man, O man,
Remember God’s great Love—His Promise made—
Remember God’s great Love—and this the proof,
He sent His Son our sinful souls to aid.

The Angels all did sing—O man, O man,
The Angels all did sing, that night so still,
The Angels all did sing to our great King,
And Peace proclaim to men of righteous will.

The Shepherds heard amazed—O man, O man,
The Shepherds heard amazed, the Angels sing,—
The Shepherds heard amazed, (or) and joyful praised
The Blessed Birth of Jesus Christ our King.

To Bethlehem they did go, O man, O man,
To Bethlehem they did go, since Christ was there
To Bethlehem they did go, and found it so,
Jesus, and Joseph, and His Mother fair.

As Angels first did say, O man, O man,
As Angels first did say, it came to pass;
As Angels first did say, the Infant lay
In a low Manger-bed, so poor He was.

In Bethlehem He was born, O man, O man,
In Bethlehem He was born, that lowly room!
In Bethlehem He was born, for us forlorn,
And He did not abhor the Virgin’s womb.

Thanks give to God alway, O man, O man,
Thanks give to God alway, all purely, wholly;
Thanks give to God alway, for this glad Day—
Let all rejoice and hail it,—“Holy, Holy.”

**This Carol may be sung also on the last Sunday after Epiphany.**
Awake, awake, good people all,  
Awake, and you shall hear,  
The Lord our God died on the Cross,  
For us He loved so dear.

O fair, O fair Jerusalem,  
When shall I come to thee?  
When shall my sorrows have an end,  
Thy joy when shall I see?

The fields were green as green could be,  
When from His glorious seat,  
Our blessed Father watered us,  
With His Heavenly dew so sweet.

And for the saving of our souls  
Christ died upon the Cross,  
We ne'er shall show for Jesus Christ,  
The love He showed for us.

The life of man is but a span,  
And cut down in its flower,  
We're here to-day, to-morrow gone,  
The creatures of an hour.

Instruct and teach your children well,  
The while that you are here;  
It will be better for your soul,  
When your corpse lies on the bier.

Today you be alive and well,  
Worth many a thousand pound;  
To-morrow dead and cold as clay,  
Your corpse laid underground.

With one turf at thine head, O man,  
And another at thy feet;  
Thy good deeds and thy bad, O man,  
Will altogether meet.

My song is done, I must be gone,  
I stay not longer here;  
God bless you all, both great and small,  
And send you a glad New Year.

* * The last verse may be omitted when this Carol is sung in Church.
Epiphany Carols.

Carol 78.

Allegretto.

mf Gentle Saviour, day and night, Ride three princes great in might,

O- ver mountain, o- ver plain, Thee a- seeking, Thee a- seeking,

O- ver mountain, o- ver plain, Thee a- seeking, gen- tle Child.

mf Gaspar, Melchior, Balthazar,
Those three princes from afar,
Gold and myrrh, and incense bear,
For an offering, for an offering,
To the sweet and gentle Child.

mf Enter princes, from the night!
Here, within, is warmth and light,
cr Jesus smiles, His hands outspreads
For the offerings, for the offerings,
f Praise to Him, the gentle Child.

p Gentle Saviour in the cold,
In the dark with gifts of gold,
Those three princes at the door
Stand a-knocking, stand a-knocking,
Thee to worship, gentle Child.

mf Joseph, sweep the stable clean,
Strew the straw, though all is mean,
cr Here the Temple, here the Throne,
Here the Altar, here the Altar,
f Of our King, this gentle Child.

The third line in each verse is repeated after the fourth.
Lo! the pilgrim Magi Leave their Royal Halls,
And, with love devoutest, Bethlehem's lowly walls
Seek with eager footsteps; While firm faith which rests,
Built on hope unswerving, Triumphs in their breasts!
mf O what joys extatic,
    Thrilled each heart, from far,
When, to guide their footsteps,
    Gleamed that Beacon Star,
O'er that home so holy
    Pouring down its ray,
In His mother's bosom
    Where the Infant lay!

p At His crib they worship
    Prostrate on the floor;
And a God, there present,
    In that Babe adore;

cr Let us to that Infant
    We, their offspring true,
Hearts, with faith overflowing

mf Give, our tribute due

p There no ivory glistens,
    Glows no regal gold,
Nor doth gorgeous purple
    Those fair limbs enfold;

mf Holiest Love presenting
    As gold, to our King;
To the Man pure bodies,
    Myrrh-like, chastely bring,
Unto Him, as Incense,
    Vow and prayer address;

dim But His Court He keepeth
    In a stable bare,
His Throne is a manger
    Rags His purple are.

cr So with offerings meetest,
    This our God confess!

mf Costly pomps and pageants
    Earthly kings array;
He, a mightier Monarch,
    Hath a nobler sway;

mf Glory to the Father,
    Fount of Light alone;
Who unto the Gentiles
    Made His Glory known;

p Straw though be His pallet,
    Mean His garb may be,

cr Equal praise and merit
    Blessed Son, to Thee;
And to Thee, sweet Spirit,
    Evermore shall be!

f He all hearts can free!
Carol 80.

**Verse.**

mf The first No - el that the An - gel did say, Was to

cer - tain poor Shepherds in fields as they lay, — In fields as they

lay a - keep-ing their sheep, On a cold win - ter's night that was

**Chorus.**

freez-ing so deep. fNo - el, No - el, No - el, No -
mf They looked up above to the East where a Star
cr That beyond them shone out in the Heavens from afar,
And which to the earth did send down a great light,
And so it continued by day and by night.

f Noel, &c.

mf And then by the light of that bright guiding Star,
There came three Wise Men from a country afar;
To seek for a King, it was their intent,
And to follow the Star wherever it went.

f Noel, &c.

mf The Star went before them unto the North West,
And seemed o'er the City of Bethlehem to rest,
And there did remain by night and by day,
Right over the place where Jesus Christ lay.

f Noel, &c.

mf Then entered they all, and those Wise Men three
dim Most reverently worshipped with low bended knee;
And offered to Christ in His Sacred Presence,
cr Gifts of Gold, and of Myrrh, and of sweet Frankincense.

f Noel, &c.

f And now Christians all, with most gladsome accord,
cr Sing praises, sing praises to Jesus our Lord,
That made both the Heaven, and the Earth out of nought,
And with His Own Blood our Redemption hath wrought.

f Noel, &c.
Epiphany Carols.

Carol 81.

Quickly, and in unison.

Deep the gloom, and still the night, Dull and drear the weather,

When, the sad night-air despite, Met three kings together.

One was old, with snow-white hair, One the prime of manhood bare,

And the third, a youth, stood there With them on the heather.
Looking for the promised King,
Who, in Eastern quarters,
Soon should spring to life, to rule
O'er earth's sons and daughters,
Them this eve, while rapt in sleep,
One had roused in accents deep,
“Haste ye; watch ye; vigil keep
By Euphrates' waters!”

In a trice a star shone forth,
O! so brightly shining!—
Nearer, nearer yet it came,
Still towards earth inclining!
And 'twas shaped—O! wondrous sight!
Like a Child enthroned in light,
Crowned, and with a sceptre bright,
Victor-cross combining!*

Then again the moon her rays
O'er the earth was streaming;
Mist and darkness fled apace,
Stars with light were beaming.
But yet kneeling 'neath the sky,
Still the Magi gazed on high,
As though rapt in ecstacy,
Or entranced dreaming!

Then the kings with solemn gaze
Looked on high beholding;
For the marvel yet to come,
Heav'n their spirits moulding,
When behold, with silent awe,
Suddenly the clouds they saw
Like a darkened veil withdraw,
Wonders more unfolding.

Then one cried, "Behold the Star
Of which Seers have spoken,
Beaming on the lands afar,
And of life the token!"
Haste we, brothers! Let us speed;
See, it moves! It comes to lead
To the Chrest, of Judah's seed
Born of line unbroken!"

Up they rise, and bend their way,
Toil nor labour sparing,
Over mountain, hill, and plain,
Costly treasures bearing.—
So do ye your offerings make,
Fear no pain for Jesus' Sake,
Ever strive Heaven's road to take,
For your Lord preparing!

* An allusion to a legend, preserved in an ancient Commentary on S. Matthew, that the Star, on its first appearance to the Magi, had the form of a radiant child, bearing a sceptre or cross.
Carol 82.

Verse. Cheerfully.

Epiphany Carols.

mf Let Christians all with one accord rejoice, And praises sing

a-loud with heart and voice f To God on High, for great things He has done

Chorus. f

In sending us . . . His well-beloved Son. Then, one and all, our

voices let us raise, For sweet it is . . . Blest Mary's Son to praise.
That Blessed Babe, the Holy Child of Love,
Came down from Heaven that we might reign above;
The happy news was brought on Angels' wings
Of our Redemption by the King of kings.

Then, one and all, &c.

An earthly wonder not to be denied,
Born of a Virgin, yet a Heaven-made Bride!
Not like an earthly prince in pomp and state,
But poor and mean to make us Heavenly great.

Then, one and all, &c.

The night before that happy day of Grace,
The Blessed Virgin had no resting place;
But in a manger He, the Lord of Life,
Was nourished by His Mother, Maid, and Wife.

Then, one and all, &c.

Three Wise Men by a Star were thither brought,
And found the Blessed Babe they long had sought;
Where, best of spices, and rich costly things,
They humbly offered to the King of kings.

Then, one and all, &c.

With them we worship Christ, come from above,
The Angels' King, our God, Redeemer, Love—
At His blest Altar find the Pearl of Price,—
The Holy Church's Wondrous Sacrifice.

Then, one and all, &c.
Epiphany Carols.

Carol 83.

Star of Heaven, new glory beam-ing, In the firm-

-ment a- bove Sign from God, to man be-night-ed,

Tell-ing of im-mor-tal love! Com-est Thou, in

An-gel bright-ness, Iss-u-ing from God's Pa-

lace gates,
Star of Heaven, not fixed in splendour
   Far above all mortal ken;
But with gentle ray descending
   Shining on the paths of men,
Men who yet have Heavenward longings,
   And desire their God to know;
Star of Heaven, light now our journey,
   Homeward as our footsteps go.

In the distance of the ages,
   Wise Men saw thy cheering ray,
Pointing them to Bethlehem’s INFANT,
   Guiding by a secret way;
Midst the tumult of the city,
   Thou wast hidden from their sight,
Parted thence—(cr) “O joy exceeding,”
   Once again they see thy light!

Star of Heaven, still lead our wanderings,
   As we watch the Light from God,
Streaming calmly, beautifully,
   All along our lonely road;
Till we see the glory standing
   Over the abiding place,
Where the Lord Himself is waiting,
   Full of Glory, full of Grace!
Epiphany Carols.

Carol 84.

Andante.

\[ \text{mf} \] Come, good Christians, join our song, As we pace a happy throng, Thro' the garden walks so wide, On Mount Carmel's sunny side, Garden rich with flowers rare, Scenting all the summer air.
mf Gather, Christian, blossoms gay,
    Gather fruit this gladsome day;
All bright flowers, my gentle bride,
On Mount Carmel's sunny side,
Serve for thine adorning well,
Mystic lessons while they tell.

mf Here the doctors stand and gaze,
    Clear-eyed on the solar blaze;
Here the hermits from their rock
Waft their virtues like the stock;
Virgins are the lily white,
Martyrs' wounds the tulip bright.

mf Gather first the sunflower bright,
    Turning ever to the light;
Stock and wall-flower sweet, that fling
On the breeze their offering;
Gather lilies, stainless, pure,
Everlastings that endure.

p Humble souls are violets blue,
    Wet with penitential dew;
Meekness like a primrose lies,
Constancy nor fades nor dies;
Broken hearts by heaven dyed,
Pansies peaceful, satisfied.

mf Cull the woodbine that entwines,
    Tulips gay in flaming lines,
Pansies blue, and primrose pale;
Gather violets without fail,
That beneath the leafage hide,
On Mount Carmel's sunny side.

mf Clinging spirits, that entwine
    Round the cross, are eglandine;
Here, from out monastic cell,
Shakes the Canterbury bell;
Prelates here, a gallant flock,
Blaze as stately hollyhock.

mf Carmel's garden, oh, how fair!
    Countless flowers are blooming there,
Flowers of varied odour blow,
Flowers of every lustre glow;

mf There's a fountain, limpid, clean,
    Waters Carmel's garden green,
Never failing, year by year,
Opened by the soldier's spear.

cr Lo! the garden we have trod
f    Surely is the Church of God.

cr Once he smote the living Rock,
f    Forth it spouted at the shock.

Repeat the second line of each verse.
Epiphany Carols.

Carol 85.

my Songs of thankfulness and praise, Je - su Lord, to Thee we raise,

Mani - fest - ed by the Star To the Sa - ges from a - far;

cr Branch of roy - al Da - vid's stem, In Thy Birth at Beth - le-hem;

An - thems be to Thee ad-drest, God in Man made man - i - fest.
Manifest at Jordan's stream,
Prophet, Priest, and King supreme;
And at Cana wedding-guest
In Thy Godhead manifest;
Manifest in power Divine,
Changing water into wine;

Anthems be to Thee addrest,
God in Man made manifest.

Manifest in making whole
Palsied limbs and fainting soul;
Manifest in valiant fight,
Quelling all the devil's might;
Manifest in gracious Will,
Ever bringing good from ill;

Anthems be to Thee addrest,
God in Man made manifest.

Sun and moon shall darkened be,
Stars shall fall, the heaven shall flee;
Christ will then like lightning shine,
All will see His glorious Sign;
All will then the trumpet hear,
All will see the Judge appear;

Thou by all wilt be confest,
God in Man made manifest.

Grant us Grace to see Thee, Lord,
Mirrored in Thy holy Word;
May we imitate Thee now,
And be pure, as pure art Thou;
That we like to Thee may be
At Thy great Epiphany;

And may praise Thee, ever Blest,
God in Man made manifest.
Epiphany Carols.

Carol 86.

mf From the Eastern mountains Press-ing on they come,

Wise Men in their wis-dom p To His hum-ble Home.

Stirred by deep de-vo-tion Hast-ing from a-far,

Ev-er jour-ney-ing on-ward, f Guid-ed by a Star.
There their Lord and Saviour
Meek and lowly lay,
Wondrous Light that led them
Onward on their way;

Ever now to lighten
Nations from afar,
As they journey Homeward
By that guiding Star.

Thou Who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,

Gather in the heathen
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding Star.

Gather in the outcasts,
All who go astray,
Throw Thy Radiance o'er them,
Guide them on their way,
Those who never knew Thee,
Those who wander far,
Guide them by the brightness
Of Thy guiding Star.

Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
Shining still before them
With Thy kindly Light.
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together,
By Thy guiding Star.

Until every nation,
Whether bond or free,
'Neath Thy Starlit-Banner,
Jesu, follows Thee

O'er the distant mountains,
To that Heavenly Home,
Where nor sin nor sorrow
Evermore shall come.
Carol 87.
_Brightly._

*All hail the Star* . . _in Judah’s sky! All hail the*

_Day-spring from on High! Awake from sin’s dark*

_dream, mf Lo! from the part ed clouds above, . . Shines*

_forth the light of Heaven’s own love,— The Star of*
mf To Adam's sons, an exiled race,
    Their God Himself, with wondrous Grace,
    Hath come and sought to them
    Who sought Him not; and they surprised

cr Behold a light that leads to Christ,—
    The Star of Bethlehem.

ff Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Praise ye the Lord!

mf Clear from the Heavens a Ray of Love
    Stood over Mary's house, and wove
    A dazzling diadem!

cr Ring out your joy, all Christians true,
    And may Christ's Light be seen by you,—
    His Star of Bethlehem.

ff Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Praise ye the Lord!

mf Man is no lonely wanderer now
    Since on the INFANT Jesus' Brow
    First shone that peaceful beam;

p One with us in our low estate,

cr He lifts our heart to Heaven's high Gate!
    Hail, Star of Bethlehem!

ff Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Praise ye the Lord!

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Carol 88.

Epiphany Carols.

Lightly.

Full. How blest with more than woman's bliss was she the espoused Maid, And

Virgin Mother when she saw upon her bosom laid.

Her new-born Babe, and gazed on Him with meek adoring eye, or with

meek adoring eye, with meek adoring eye.

B-

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Methinks I see thee, Mary, look on Him with fixed gaze,
And ponder in thy secret heart the Almighty Father's ways,
As to thy thoughts in contrast strong the past and present rise,

The glory whence thy Infant came, the stable where He lies!

Fit birth for Him, Who, when with God and man in favour grown,
His Father's glory shall display,—His Father's and His Own;
When at His Will the crystal stream to generous wine shall turn,

And from His Lips the astonished poor God's glorious Gospel learn:

When the blind eye unclosed shall see its great Restorer near,
And the dumb tongue His Praise proclaim, and the deaf ear shall hear,
The leprous taint be cleansed, and death beneath His Feet be trod,

And subject fiends their prey release, and own the Son of God.

O Mary, Virgin Mother blest, what rapture shall be thine,
Thus in thy Child to see fulfilled each Heaven-appointed sign;

Although a sword thy bosom pierce amid the mighty throes,
While o'er thy loved, thy worshipped Son, the glooms sepulchral close,

Thy heart shall joy to know that He, the Offspring of thy womb,
Thy Saviour, Mary, and thy Lord, hath burst the rock-hewn tomb,
And soared His Heritage to claim high o'er the realms of light,

The Bosom of His Father's love the Right Hand of His Might.

But hold! thy Infant sleeps, and there, beside the Holy Child,
Take thou thy slumber, Maiden meek, blest Mother undefiled:
Sleep thou, while Angels wake around, and conscious Whom they tend
With folded wings and shaded eyes in sign of worship bend!
mf To earth from Heaven glad tidings I unfold, The

Angel cries, Christ Lord of world is born In f Bethlehem

Judah, as the Seers foretold, This hallowed Morn.

mf Him do the joyful Choir of Angels sing,
The Star declares; Him Eastern Princes greet,
And mystic gifts in adoration bring,
Oblations meet;

mf Incense to God, and Myrrh to grace His Tomb,
For tribute to their King, a golden store;
cr One they revere, three with three offerings come
f And Three adore!

f All glory to the One yet Triune Lord,
To God and to His Royal Offspring give;
So to the Spirit, Which of Both outpoured,
True hearts receive.
Carol 90.  
Epiphany Carols.

Smoothly.

mf Look up (look up) to Heav'n (to Heav'n), lo! stars (lo, stars) are there; The

holy patriarch gazed on high or And choirs of light, serene and fair.

All sang for him a prophecy, —

"That God would all men bless by One, Who should be born of Abraham's race;" And Abraham saw from far His Son, Full of immortal Truth and Grace.

Then clouds rolled on and hid the light, And there was darkness overhead. "Is there no Star to cheer the night?" — "I see it not," — the Prophet said,

"But there will rise o'er Judah's land A light I shall behold from far!" While still in solitude shall stand Balaam, although he sees the Star!

Who are the wise? the pure in heart? For them the Star of God appears; or For them the clouds asunder part,

And mists dissolve, and darkness clears.

They hail the Light on Bethlehem's crest, They watch the Glory slanting down; It settles o'er the Virgin's breast, Shining the Heaven-born Jesus' crown.

O "God with us!" — all joy restored; No "Tidings good" for man but this! Henceforth we know no absent Lord, His presence is perpetual bliss.

The Lord our Everlasting Light, And all our days of mourning done! Now pass away, ye clouds and night! —

Praise we the Father, Spirit, Son!
Carol 91.

Full. Spirited.

Epiphany Carols.

The Lord is come, the Lord is come, The Heav'n's proclaim His Birth,
The Heav'n's proclaim His Birth; The Nations, the Nations learn His Name,

An unknown Star directs the road of Eastern Sages.
Go worship where the Saviour lies! Angels and men before Him bow, An-

Duet. Trebles.

mf All ye bright Armies, or all ye bright Armies of the Skies!
-gels on High, and men below, and men below.

mf Let Judah shout and Zion sing, And earth confess her Sovereign King, and

earth confess her Sovereign King. Let Judah shout and Zion sing, Let Judah shout and Zion sing, And
earth confess her Sove-reign King, and earth confess her Sove-reign King, her Sove-reign King! or Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Epiphany Carols.

Carol 92.

Smoothly.

mf O lovely . . Voices of . . the sky, That

hymned the Saviour's Birth, Are ye not singing still . . on

High, p Who once sang Peace on Earth? Still o'er us float those

holy strains, Where-with in days gone by er Ye blessed the
O clear and shining Light, whose beams
A heavenly radiance shed
Around the palms, and o'er the streams,
And on the Shepherds' head,—
Be near through life, be near in death,
As in that holiest night
Of hope, of gladness, and of faith,
O clear and shining Light!

O Star, which ledd'st to Him Whose Love
Brought down man's ransom free,
Thou still art midst the hosts above,
We still may gaze on thee!
In Heaven thy light doth never set,
Thy rays earth may not dim;
O, send them forth to guide us yet,
Bright Star which led to Him!
Carol 93.

Epiphany Carols.

Welcome that Star in Judah’s sky... That voice o’er Bethlehem’s palm-y glen:... The lamp far Sages hailed on High,

The tones that thrilled the shepherd men:... Glory to God in loftiest

Heaven! Thus Angels smote the echoing chord; Glad tidings
un-to man for-given, p Peace from the Pre-sence of the Lord.

mf The Shepherds sought that Birth Divine,
    The Wise Men traced their guided way;
    There, by strange light and mystic sign,
    The God they came to worship lay.

dim A human Babe in beauty smiled,
    Where lowing oxen round Him trod:

pp A Maiden clasped her awful Child,
    Pure Offspring of the Breath of God.

p Those voices from on high are mute,
    The Star the Wise Men saw is dim:

cr But hope still guides the wanderer’s foot,
    And Faith renews the Angel hymn:

ff Glory to God in loftiest Heaven!
    Touch with glad hand the ancient chord,
    Good Tidings unto man forgiven,

p Peace from the Presence of the Lord.
Epiphany Carols.

Carol 94.

mf That so Thy bless-ed Birth, O Christ, Might thro' the world be spread a-bout,

The Star ap-pear-ed in the East, Where-by the Gen-tiles found Thee out;

And offered Thee Myrrh, Incense, Gold, Thy three-fold Of-fice to un-fold.

mf Sweet Jesus, let that Star of Thine, Thy Grace, which guides to find out Thee, Within our hearts for ever shine, That Thou of us found out mayest be; And Thou shalt be our King therefore, Our Priest and Prophet Evermore!

mf Tears that from true repentance drop, Instead of myrrh, present will we: cr For Incense we will offer up Our prayers and praises unto Thee; And bring for gold each pious deed, Which doth from saving faith proceed.

mf And as those Wise Men never wen To visit Herod any more; So, finding Thee, we will repent Our courses followed heretofore; And that we homeward may retire The way by Thee we will enquire.
Carol 95.

Andante grazioso.

 mf There came three kings, ere break of day, All on Epiphany; Their

gifts they bare both rich and rare, All, all, Lord Christ, for Thee: Gold, frankincense, and

myrrh are there, Where is the King? O where? O where? O where? O where is the King? O where?

 mf The stars shone brightly over-head,
 p The air was calm and still,
 cr O'er Bethlehem fields its rays were shed,

The dew lay on the hill:

 mf We see no throne, no palace fair,

Where is the King? O where? O where?

 pp An old man knelt at a manger low,

A babe lay in a stall;

The starlight played on the Infant brow,

Deep silence lay o'er all:

A maiden bent o'er the Babe in prayer:—

 ff There is the King, O there! O there!
**Carol 96.**

**Epiphany Carols.**

*S Chorus. Full. Allegro moderato.

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**Chorus.**

Full. Allegro moderate.

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**Verse. Solo.**

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**Noel, Noel, Noel, Born is the King of Israel.**

---

**To Egypt’s land our Lord was brought**

When Judah’s King His life had sought,

There God full soon a work had done,

And then from Egypt called His Son.

---

**Noel, Noel, Noel, Born is the King of Israel.**

But O what mightier deed is told,

When God, the Child of twelve years old,

To His own Temple’s dread surprise

Cast down the wisdom of the wise?

---

**Noel, Noel, Noel, Born is the King of Israel.**

---

**O Child of Bethlehem! man’s delight;**

---

**O Child, Who in the Temple stood,**

---

**We praise Thee, Wisdom of our God!**

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Epiphany Carols.

Carol 97.

mf When Christ was born of pure Marie, In Bethlehem, that

fair citie, The Angels sang with mirth and glee,

f In Excelsis Gloria, In Excelsis Gloria.

mf Herdmen beheld those Angels bright,
To them appeared they with great light,
And said God's Son is born this night,—

f In Excelsis Gloria

mf This King is come to save mankind,
In Scripture promised as we find,
Therefore this Song have we in mind,—

f In Excelsis Gloria.

p Grant us, O Lord, for Thy great Grace,
In heaven the bliss to see Thy Face,
cr Where we may sing to Thy solace,—

f In Excelsis Gloria.
Carol 98.

**Epiphany Carols.**

\[ \text{f} \text{ Thou art our God, we ex-alt Thee, we praise Thee, Faith-ful and} \]

\[ \text{true are Thy Coun-sels of old: Hymns of thank-giv-ing Thy} \]

\[ \text{People shall raise Thee, Hail-ing the mer-cy Thy Pro-phets fore-told.} \]

\[ \text{f} \text{ Bright is Thy Coming, and tem-pests, long} \]
\[ \text{hovering} \]
\[ \text{Over our world, are dis-persed by Thy} \]
\[ \text{Grace;} \]
\[ \text{Thou shalt de-stroy all the face of the} \]
\[ \text{covering,} \]
\[ \text{Mantling the sinful, and hid-ing the base.} \]

\[ \text{f} \text{ This is our God, lo, for Him we have} \]
\[ \text{waited,} \]
\[ \text{This is the Lord, and He cometh to} \]
\[ \text{Joy for the world that His Mercy} \]
\[ \text{created,} \]
\[ \text{Triumph o’er sin, and o’er death} \]
\[ \text{and the grave.} \]

\[ \text{f} \text{ Thou art our God, and we praise} \]
\[ \text{Thee, we bless Thee,} \]
\[ \text{Wonderful things our Redeemer} \]
\[ \text{hath done;} \]
\[ \text{Great is Thy Power and Thy Love,} \]
\[ \text{we confess Thee,} \]
\[ \text{f} \text{ Father and Spirit and Well-beloved} \]
\[ \text{Son.} \]

188
Epiphany Carols.

Carol 99.

mf Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our

dark-ness and lend us thine aid! cr Star of the East, the ho-

-ri-zon a-dorn-ing, Guide where our In-fant Re-deem-er is laid.

p Cold on His Cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies His Head with the beast of the stall;

Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

mf Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings Divine;
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest and gold from the mine?

mf Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His Favour secure;

Richer by far is the heart’s adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor!

189
Carol 100.

Epiphany Carols.

Knowing not the great Creator Lay the world in deepest night,

When there broke on Eastern mountains Wondrously a golden light.

And the grace-star led the Magi To the lowly cattle

Whence the glory daily widening, Brought Redemption to us all.

Prostrate fall the bloody altars, Rises up an Empire new,

Men to bats their idols fling, On the ruins of old temples

And the Gospel reigns triumphant Pleads the Offering one and true.

To the Ocean's widest ring.
Epiphany Carols.

Carol 161.

Crisply.

mf As with gladness men of old Did the guiding Star be-
hold; or As with joy they hailed its light, Leading onward, beaming bright;

p So, most gracious Lord, may we evermore be led to Thee.

f As with joyful steps they sped, Immanuel, to Thy lowly bed, There to bend the knee before Him Whom heaven and earth adore; So may we with willing feet Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

mf Holy Jesus! every day Keep us in the narrow way; And, when earthly things are past, Bring our ransomed souls at last Where they need no star to guide,

cr Where most glorious Lord, may we evermore be led to Thee.

As they offered gifts most rare At Thy cradle rude and bare; So may we with holy joy, Pure and free from sin's alloy, All our costliest treasures bring, Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

mf In the heavenly country bright Need they no created light; Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown, Thou its Sun which goes not down;

ff There for ever may we sing Alleluias to our King.
Epiphany Carols.

Carol 102.

p Fear - ful - ly, ti - mid - ly, now do we raise, cr Our

voic - es to bless Thee, to thank Thee and praise.

mf This our poor car - ol, un - cer - tain with fear, cr 'Mid

chants of Taine An - gels, dim listen and hear.
p We plead for the fallen, Thy mercy we seek,
   For those who have left Thee, fainthearted and weak,
   O give us more patience, more hope, and more faith,
   To hold fast Thy promise through sorrow and death.

mf By Thy blessed descending, Thy glorious birth,
p Thy sorrows and suffering, Thy life upon earth,
pp By Thy parting words spoken, Thy last awful sigh,
f By Thy bright resurrection, Thy dwelling on high;

mf We pray Thee to hear us, to pardon and save,
   And for our soul's cleansing to trouble the wave.
   Thy Church is in sorrow, in danger and fear—
   O stretch forth Thy hand, for the breakers are near.

mf Once more send the message the shepherds heard then—
p Be peace on the earth, and good will unto men.
cr May a new star shine o'er us, a new life begin,
   A new era dawning from sorrow and sin.

mf Poor, sinful, and weak, with no power of our own,
   We trust in Thy mercy, in Thee, Thee alone,
   We ever confide in Thy wonderful love,
   That brought Thee to suffer, from glory above.

f We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we glorify Thee,
   We praise the Eternal, the glorious Three;
   While Angels announce the Immaculate Birth,
   O hear our weak praises, the voices of earth.

See Treble Part, Edition E or F, for division of words.
Carol 103.

Epiphany Carols.

Shining o'er Bethlehem, to faithful Watchers given, The

Star above the midday light illumined the vault of Heaven.

Eastern Sag es, each a King, Mystic symbols

of offering, Regal gold, and priestly frankincense.
f Hail, Jesu, King of kings, to Thee no bauble crown,
    But all our hearts' best gold we bring, and at Thy feet cast down,
mf Thee, Incarnate God, we sing,
    Thee the Sages worshipping

mf Lo! sweet memorial of Thy atoning Love
    Thy servants offer here on earth, as Thou in Heaven above.
    Thee, Eternal Priest, we sing,
    Thee the Sages worshipping

cr Regal gold, and priestly frankincense, and deathly myrrh, their mystic symbols bring.

pp Hail, Son of Man, in all our conflicts here below
    Remember us, for Thou hast felt the pangs of mortal woe.
p Thee, Very Man, we sing,
    Thee the Sages worshipping

cr Regal gold, and priestly frankincense, and deathly myrrh, their mystic symbols bring.
Carol 104.

Allegro, ma non troppo.

mf A-rouse thee, He-rod, fling A-way all ease... and slum-ber,

Three mon-archs come, who bring Of slaves a good-ly num-ber;

Led by a star of glo-ry, They seek, so runs their sto-ry, A

mf Now, hither come to me,
   Priest, scribe, Essene ascetic,
   And search ye out, and see
   In mystic scroll prophetic,
   In what blest place fair-famed,
   The seers have long proclaimed

   Messiah born must be!

mf Fair Bethlehem, goodly town!
   There shall the Princely Stranger,

dim Coming from Zion down,

   Be born in lowly manger!

mf Trembled the King this hearing,
   A mighty peril fearing
   To his own royal crown.

mf Now pass the wide gate through,
   And haste for love and pity,
   And search with vigour due
   For Christ, in David’s city!

   Return ye then, and lead me,
   That I may thither speed me,

   And worship Him with you!

mf Ah! Herod, King, refrain
   ’Gainst Christ so fondly scheming!
   With guileful craft in vain
   Of impious crime thou’rt dreaming!
   Him shall thine eyes see never,

   Till He shall come, for ever,

   O’er every foe to reign!

197
The King of kings His Royal Court is keeping

In yonder stall where ox and ass are fed;

While earthly kings in palaces lie sleeping,

On coarsest straw the Almighty makes His bed.
No purple here is seen, no pomp of splendour,
Rude swaddling bands enfold each sacred Limb,
Yet shepherds kneel, (cr) their silent praise to render,
And Seraphs wondering, chant their carol-hymn.

The gentle stars in solemn courses wending,
Throw their soft lustre o'er the manger-shed,
With Jesus' sleeping smile their radiance blending,
Till one bright halo circles round His Head.

Angels with folded wing, and breath abated,
Gaze tremblingly upon that Little One,
Muse on their God's Great Glory Incarnated,
And worship Jesus, God and Mary's Son.

Earth does not heed, (f) though Heaven itself rejoices,
While myriads swell the "Gloria" sung on High,
No echo can they find 'mid earthly voices,
Save Mary, singing her sweet lullaby;—

Mary, and those who love with her to ponder
On mysteries half-seen, yet half-concealed,
Longing to know—yet willing still to wonder,
Waiting in faith, till all shall be revealed.

Such souls alone can contemplate the Glory,
Which, darkling, breaks upon their eager sight,
True hearts which own the Incarnation story,
Need ask no greater sign,—no clearer light.

They muse in Faith,—and He in Mercy shineth,
They gaze in silence,—(cr) and the darkness flies;
"EMMANUEL" on Mary's heart reclineth,
He sleeps,—(ff) He wakes,—Behold the Day-Star rise!

* When, as in verses 4, 5, and 6, the first syllable is accented, the first crotchet should be omitted, and the voices come in on the first beat of the bar. A little care in the division of syllables will make every line run smoothly. See Edition E or F.
Carol 106.
Moderato. Firmly.

mf O! come ye down to Ca - na, And Christ's dear foot-prints trace,

For He is gone with Ma - ry, A mar - riage feast to grace.

How fair the hap - py con - course! How bright the gay robes shine!

ritard.

cr How joy - ous, too, the feast - ers! dim But lo! there lack - eth wine!

200
mf Soft speaks the kindly Jesus
To servants standing by:
Now fill these pots with water,
Which here all empty lie;
And bear ye to the ruler.
'Tis done at Jesus' sign,
cr And lo! the water limpid
f Is changed to ripe red wine!

mf Then knowing not the marvel
Was wrought by Jesus' Word,
The ruler to the bridegroom
Saith, with amazement stirred:
All men at the beginning
Their best wine give, but Thou
cr The richest, noblest, sweetest,
f Hast kept back until now!

mf O! come ye down to Cana!
For lo! whate'er betide,
cr The Bridegroom now is Jesus,
The Church, His holy bride!
f And He the living streamlet
From God's bright throne above,
Doth give as cheering wine-drops
In chalice of His Love!
Carol 107. Epiphany Carols.

mf So-journ-ers and stran-gers, Seek-ing our true home,

Meet-ing with rough dan-gers, As we on-ward roam:

Strength is oft-en fail-ing, On de-struc-tion's brink,

LORD, Thy Power pre-vail-ing Will not let us sink.

mf Troubles are molesting,
   But if Thou be near,
   On Thy succour resting,
   We shall have no fear.
 Lord Almighty, knowing
   All our feebleness,
   Grace from Thee o'erflowing,
   Comforts our distress.

p Now the shadows lengthen,
   And we count the hours,
   Near the end, O strengthen
   Our fast-failing powers;
   Thy right hand extending!—
   All on Thee we cast,
   So, Thy love befriending,
   Gain our home at last.
Sing of the Saviour's might, 
all through the live-long day; 
For now He grants the 
Heavenly Light Which leads to Him the Way.

mf O muse on His Holy Word, 
Revealed by His Love for you— 
The Truth which is by all adored, 
To Whom is homage due.

f O give we our hearts to Him, 
Who brought us from God rich store, 
And died upon the Cross for sin, 
Our Life for Evermore.
Conversion of Saint Paul.

Carol 109.

Lightly.

mf Earnest-hearted Saul, O why, Breathing threats so ruthlessly,

Bear-ing slaughter and the sword, Persecutest thou the Lord?

p Why, with zeal that never faints, Persecutest thou the Saints?

mf Old Damascus' gates within
Peered the wolf of Benjamin,
Hasting, brooking no delay,
Eager to devour the prey.

Rise, O Lord, avert the shock,
Seize the wolf, protect the flock.

mf Fear not, little flock, but pray;
Jesus may the tyrant stay,
May the smiter smite with grace,
May make fiercest foes embrace.

p Darkness now may fill your home,
But (f) "arise, thy light is come."

Gen. xlix. 27

204
Up within the city-wall
Springs the cry from Christians all;
*Jesu, Shepherd* of the sheep,
From this Saul Thy servants keep!
Lo! He hears the voices there,
Grants the Proto-martyr's prayer.

Light, upon that darkened mind,
Set Saul free, who came to bind:
Light of more than earthly day,
Light beyond the noon-tide ray.
Though thine eyes are sealed in gloom,
See, for thy Light too is come.

Lightened by that heavenly glare,
Spirit-taught in vision rare
Things unknown to mortal view,
Paul now builds, what Saul o'erthrew.
Chastened zeal and humbled pride
Bow before the Crucified.

Manifest Thyself, O Lord,
Teach us by the Apostle's word;
His conversion ever be
An Epiphany of Thee,
Showing, by Thy Holy Rood,
Grace triumphant, sin subdued.

Oh! if, in these latter days,
Darkened faith and languid praise,
Counting zeal a foolish thing,
Cause a costless offering;
Flash across our perilous night;
"In Thy Light, shall we see Light."

And if strife, engendering strife,
Tear and soil our better life;
*Jesu, Lord, Thy Spirit* send,
Zeal with Charity to blend.
When loved error clouds the sight,
Speak the word, (ff) "Let there be Light."
Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
Carol 110.

mf All shall call thee blessed—Age to age shall tell.

God the Father's message, Sent by Gabriel;

Graced by God the Spirit, God the Son's abode;

cr All shall call thee blessed, Mother of our God.
Blessèd, for thou barest
Jesus in thy womb;
Blessèd from the manger,
Onwards to the tomb,
And since thou returnedst
To Saint John's abode;—

All shall call thee blessèd,
Mother of our God.

Thinking how the glory,
Of the Highest, sat
Overshadowing Mary,
Our Magnificat

Echoes hers, as meekly
From her voice it flowed;

All shall call thee blessèd,
Mother of our God.

Hath not God ALMIGHTY
Done for thee great things?
Making thee the mother
Of the King of kings?

Thou the first to know Him,
Veiled in flesh and blood!—

All shall call thee blessèd,
Mother of our God.

Yet a higher glory,
Yet a fairer crown,
Shines for ever o'er thee,
Than that sweet renown.

For thou wast obedient
To the heavenly word!—

All shall call thee blessèd,
Mother of our Lord.

But Thy praise, O Jesus,
Loftier songs employ;

Hearts for Thee exulting,
Leap within for joy;

Joy, that God the Father
Sent Thee from above;
Joy for the o'ershadowing
Of the Spirit's Love.
Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Carol III.

Allegro comodo.

mf What joy for Mary, blessed Maid, God's Angel came to tell! O full of Grace Divine, he said, The shining Gabriel, The shining Gabriel. And all shall share the joy with thee, Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, One God Eternally.

208
mf The Lord is with thee, blessed Maid,
    The Lord shall be thy Child,
Behold Thy handmaid, Mary said,
    To bear the Undeceived.
cr And all shall hail the joy for thee,
    f Praise Father, &c.

mf What joy to Mary, Mother-Maid,
    Beneath o'er-shadowing God;
All joy, for while she knelt and prayed,
    Christ came to her abode!
And all shall hail the joy for thee,
    f Praise Father, &c.

mf What joy and mystery, Mary, Maid,
    Touched thee with mingled smart,
When in the Temple Simeon said,
    A sword shall pierce thy heart,
And all shall watch that mystery,
    f Praise Father &c.

pp What grief of Heaven, O Mary, Maid,
    To see thy Son despised
More than thyself, when scoffers said
    Their taunts, all undisguised;
cr And yet that sorrow brings our joy.
    f Praise Father, &c.

p How Angels watched thee, Mary, Maid,
    And soothed thee in thy loss!
And Gabriel, not in light arrayed,
    Yet near thee at the Cross:
cr And all shall hail that mystery!
    f Praise Father, &c.
Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Carol 112.

\[mf\] Who is this from Bethlehem coming? Like the moon, or like the sun?

Thou, O Christ, our flesh assuming, Thou the Virgin's Holy One!

\[p\] Lo! with Thee, the mother kneels, In Thy House the law obeys,
Suddenly, O King immortal,
As Thy Prophets had foretold,
Or Thou hast passed the sacred portal,
Where Thy glory dwelt of old:

Temple, priest, and altar now,
All in Thee are purified;
Splendour of all worship, Thou
Wilt with all Thy Saints abide.

Glory to the Father, Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One.
EXTRACTS FROM REVIEWS.

"We welcome with great pleasure Mr. Chope's *Carols for use in Church* during Christmas and Epiphany; the music is most carefully edited by Mr. Herbert Stephen Irons, who has introduced some original melodies, and there is a learned and interesting historical essay by Mr. Baring-Gould. This book should be found at all Christmas choir festivals. Mr. Chope has done well for those who may use his book in printing words and music together; and certainly most of his hymns, either for words or music, and often for both, are well adapted for the Church services."—*Saturday Review.*

"It contains nearly every one of the old traditional carols which are worth preserving (and these are all, with scarce an exception, admirably harmonised), and a large number of carols, either modern in words or music, or both, which are quite worthy, as a rule, of appearing with their time-honoured compeers. The work was composed mainly with a view to congregational use in church, and it takes in not only the festival tides of Christmas and Epiphany, and the Saints' days clustering round Christmas, but even the Conversion of S. Paul and the Purification. In many of the carols the composers have caught most admirably the form and spirit of the genuine old carol. There is also a learned and most interesting preface on the origin of carol-singing, and the customs connected therewith (which would alone make the book worth getting), by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould. We earnestly recommend it to the notice and adoption of our friends, more especially of the clergy, in the approaching and future Christmas seasons."—*Literary Churchman.*

"During the last few years carol-singing has been extensively revived. It had never, indeed, quite died out in our rural districts, in which roughly printed broadsides, with grotesque woodcuts, were, and are to this day, annually purchasable at 'the' village shop. These broadsides are issued from the neighbourhood of Seven Dials, in a type, or rather in a conglomeration of odd specimens of type, which would fairly shock the nerves of a good compositor; yet their circulation is enormous, and, if their printers cannot excite our admiration, they at least deserve our gratitude, for they have sustained the very existence of some of the most beautiful carols during a long period of neglect at the hands of musicians and men of letters. The revival of carolling has now reached such a point that hearty churchmen must needs bring their carol-book into the sacred precincts, and so make into an act of worship what was formerly considered only a recreation at a social gathering. All who have searched into the earliest known sources of English carols must have been struck with the excessive number of a secular character. Our immediate forefathers seem to have been more pleased to sing of the crackling log and bowl of beer, than to turn their thoughts to Bethlehem, and meditate on the Incarnation. Hence, a secular style of music has to a great extent become wedded even to those carols not containing any special allusion to social hilarity, and a want has been felt by many of a set of carols for Church use. To supply this want, Mr. Chope, already so well known as one of the earliest, if not the most successful labourer in the field of hymnody, has issued this little book, in which some of the best-known traditional sacred carols are supplemented by a large collection of new tunes to new words, of various degrees of merit. The first modern carols which deserve special mention are 19,—a charming melody; 29,—quite certain to become a popular favourite; 34,—runs smoothly and calmly from the first note to the last. The Epiphany Carols are a noticeable feature in the book, and give it a special value;—95 and 104 stand out pre-eminently for originality and sprightliness, and the fine old melody of 92 will be welcome to all. If space permitted we would gladly enter into further details; but enough has been said to show that Mr. Chope has done a real service by the publication of this book, and the reader will find on every page evident tokens of the care he has bestowed on it. The new compositions..."
are, as a rule, remarkably good. Not the least valuable part of the work is the excellent historical essay by Mr. S. Baring-Gould; all lovers of carols will read it with great interest. The printing of both music and words is delightfully clear and readable."—The Guardian.

"We hail the appearance of this work with the highest satisfaction, and think that Mr. Chope has laid all lovers of carols, and indeed we may say all good Christians, under a lasting debt of gratitude by this admirable collection of carols, ancient and modern, which we strongly incline to think the public and unbiased judges will agree with us in pronouncing at once the best and most copious by far which has yet appeared. A most interesting and erudite preface has been added by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, embodying all that is most valuable as to what may be termed carol lore and history—a preface quite worthy of being printed as a separate paper. The collection consists of 112 pieces, of which 68 are modern, in some cases in music only, some in music and words—but in a great many the words have undergone considerable alterations.—The numbers just specified, and the best of the arrangements of the old carol tunes which we shall mention would alone make it worth while to obtain the book. The arrangements of old carols are all good."—The Choir.

"To those who are fond of Christmas carols—and who is not?—this book will prove a real treasure. Here are 112 carols, ancient and modern, the latter by some of the best composers of the present time. There is a learned introduction by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, containing highly interesting matter. Of course, all such old favourites as 'God's dear Son,' 'The First Nowell,' &c., are here; and we have also some charming modern compositions which will stand well beside these, and will doubtless hold their own in years to come. In England, after the Reformation, when Latin hymns were abolished, carols were commonly sung in churches, as now in Cornwall, until Epiphany. To assist the further restoration of this pious use of our forefathers the present enlarged collection is put forth.

"At the time of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries carol-singing seems to have been much in vogue, and we have many still extant of that period. In the times of the Tudors we have many examples of carols and carol-singing, and even the prices of carols, as 'To Sr. Mark for carolls for Christmas, and for 5 square Books, iijs. iiijd.' Soon after this, carol-singing and other cheerful observances were, as much as possible, suppressed by the Puritans.

"The carol, in a homely intelligent manner, brings the doctrine of the Incarnation home to simple minds, where sermons and hymns sometimes fail to do so. It would be well, therefore, if the Clergy of the Church of England would adopt the carol, and use it at Christmas-tide in their churches. For this purpose, as well as for those good-natured people who are seeking to make presents to musical friends, here is an admirable book ready to hand, which is certain to be welcome wherever it is introduced."—John Bull.

"Mr. Chope, whose name is well-known among Church musicians as the editor of a popular tune-book and psalter, has given us in this work by far the most compendious collection we have yet seen of these seasonable songs. Mr. Chope has apparently ransacked the manuscripts of the past as diligently as he has secured the co-operation of the carol-writers of the present, and the result is a book of genuine musical interest, while it is also fitted for popular and congregational use. The words are for the most part singularly free from the quaint conceits which disfigure some of the older carols in other volumes, and the music is throughout very carefully edited. Whether the clergy generally will act on the editor's hint, and introduce a set of carols as a pendant to one or more of their Christmas services, remains to be seen; but the custom already obtains in a large number of parishes, and even those who do not approve of the 'use' will find the book admirably adapted for their school and congregational gatherings."—English Churchman.

Applications for grants of Carols, Music or Words, should be sent to the Rev. R. R. Chope, Vicarage, 117, Queen’s Gate, South Kensington, S.W., and should contain a stamped and addressed envelope for reply.

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